

THE
WORKS
OF
JAMES THOMSON.

VOLUME THE FOURTH:

CONTAINING,
EDWARD and ELEONORA,
TANCRED and SIGISMUNDA,
AND
CORIOLANUS.



EDINBURGH:

Printed by J. ROBERTSON;
For A. KINCAID and J. BELL, and J. ROBERTSON.

MDCCLXVIII.



Edward and Eleonora. *H. Gavin Sc.*

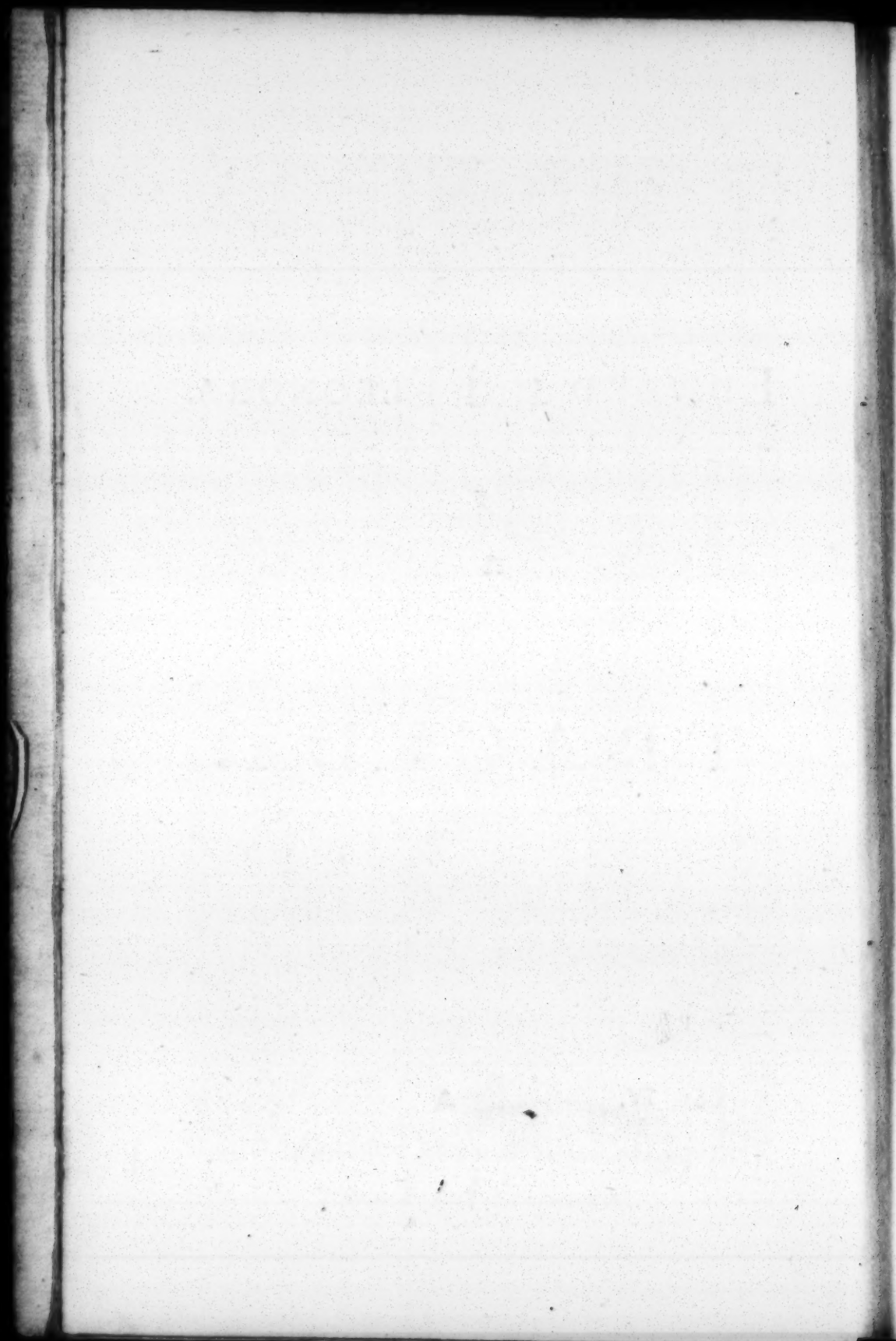
EDWARD and ELEONORA.

A

TRAGEDY.

VOL. IV.

A



TO HER
ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
Princess of *Wales*.

MADAM,

IF I take the liberty, once more, to
crave the protection of your ROYAL
HIGHNESS, for another Tragedy of
my writing, it is because I am led, almost
unavoidably, to it, by my subject. In the
character of ELEONORA I have endea-
voured to represent, however faintly, a

iv DEDICATION.

PRINCESS distinguished for all the virtues that render greatness amiable. I have aimed, particularly, to do justice to her inviolable affection and generous tenderness for a PRINCE, who was the darling of a great and free people.

Their descendants, even now, will own, with pleasure, how properly this address is made to your ROYAL HIGHNESS. I am, with the profoundest respect,

MADAM,

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

Most humble, and

Most devoted Servant,

JAMES THOMSON.

PROLOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

IN former times, when fierce religious rage,
And priestly sway deform'd each suffering age,
All manly wit, all useful learning lay
In darkness lost, nor hop'd returning day.
Religion then was stain'd by cruel deeds,
And freeborn Reason stoop'd to craft and creeds.
But happier we!—And though to-night we show,
What fatal ills from blind devotion flow,
'Tis not that we such rage renew'd can fear,
Or dread the hand of persecution here—
Our scene would wide humanity impart;
Would breathe extensive candour through the heart;
Show true religion even to error kind,
And claim the perfect freedom of the mind.

If too the poet paints a noble strife
'Twixt the fond husband and the generous wife;
If all the father in his voice complains,
And all the mother in her tender strains;

*If these best passions prompt the pleasing wo,
Indulge it freely——— Nature bids it flow :
Where parent Nature leads, you cannot stray ;
And what she wills, 'tis virtue to obey.*

*Fond of BRITANNIA's fame, and just to YOU,
He bids old English honour live anew,
And calls your great first EDWARD up to view.
But if his line too weak, his stroke too faint,
The graceful figure, in full light, to paint ;
In candid part his honest meaning take,
And spare the poet for the hero's sake.*

}

EPILOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

T *Hese poets are such fools!—The man behind,
Who wrote this play—a simple soul, I find,—
Believes with all his heart, there was a wife,
Who needs would die—to save a husband's life!
He in the printed chronicles has read it:
And true it is—Sir Richard Baker said it.*

*Why what an ass these books do make a man?
Read nature—then believe it—you who can.
Look round this town—the question is not—whether
Spouse dies for spouse: but who will live together?
Of old, they say, a husband was a lover:
But, thank our stars! those foolish days are over:
To such substantial prudence are we come,
We wed not heart to heart—but plumb to plumb.
What sense; what beauty; are not now the things:
But can he settle—up to what she brings?*

*Yet in this easy, all-forgiving age,
Bear with such moral fooleries—on the stage.
Perhaps too, there may be some gentle soul,
Who rather likes to weep—than win a vole;
Who thinks that there are charms in generous love,
And would to Edward Eleonora prove.*

The

The PERSONS.

EDWARD, Prince of <i>England</i> .	Mr DELANE.
Earl of GLOSTER.	Mr ROSCO.
THEALD, Archdeacon of <i>Liege</i> .	Mr ROBERTS.
SELIM, Sultan of <i>Jaffa</i> .	Mr RYAN.
ELEONORA, Princess of <i>England</i> .	Mrs HORTON.
DARAXA, an <i>Arabian</i> Princess.	Mrs HALLAM.

Assassin, Officers, &c.

SCENE, EDWARD's tent in the camp before
Jaffa, a city on the coast of Palestine.

Edward and Eleonora.

A

TRAGEDY.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

Prince EDWARD, THEALD *Archdeacon of Liege,*
Earl of GLOSTER.

EDWARD.

I Will no longer doubt. 'Tis plain, my friends,
That with our little band of *English* troops,
By all allies, all western powers deserted,
All but the noble knights that guard this land,
The flower of *Europe*, and of Christian valour,
Nought can be done, nought worthy of our cause,
Worthy

Worthy of *England's* heir, and of the name
 Of *Lion-hearted* RICHARD ; whose renown,
 After almost a century elaps'd,
 Shakes through its wide extent this eastern world.
 What else could bend the *Saracen* to peace,
 Who might, with better policy, refuse
 To grant it us ? yes, to the prince of *Jaffa*
 I will accord the peace he has demanded :
 And though my troops impatient wait the signal
 To storm yon walls, yet will I not expose,
 In vain attempts, valour that should be sav'd
 For better days, and for the public welfare.
 Rash fruitless war, from wanton glory wag'd,
 Is only splendid murder—What says *Theald* ?
 Approves my reverend father of my purpose ?

THEALD.

Edward, illustrious heir of *England's* crown !
 I must indeed be blinded with the zeal
 Of this our holy cause, to think your arms,
 Thus all-forsaken, thus betray'd, sufficient
 To reach the grandeur of your first design ;
 And, from the yoke of infidels, to free
 The sacred city, object of our vows ;
 Yet this, methinks, this *Jaffa* might be seiz'd :
 That still were something, an auspicious omen
 Of future conquest—But, unskill'd in war,
 To you, my lord, and *Gloster's* wife experience,
 I this submit.

ED-

ELEONORA.

11

EDWARD.

Speak, *Gloster*, your advice,
Before I fix my latest resolution.

GLOSTER.

You know, my lord, I never was a friend
To this crusado. My unchang'd advice
Is strenuous still for peace. Nor this, I urge,
From our deserted arms, and cause betray'd,
But from the state of our unhappy country.
Behold her, *Edward*, with a filial eye,
And say, is this a time for these adventures?
Behold her then with deep commotion shook,
Beneath a false delusive face of quiet:
Behold her bleeding yet from civil war,
Exhausted, sunk; drain'd by ten thousand arts
Of lawless imposition, priestly fraud,
Italian leeches, and insatiate *Rome*;
That never rag'd before with such gross insult,
With such abandon'd avarice. Besides,
Who knows what evil counsellors, again,
Are gather'd round the throne? In times like these,
Disturb'd, and lowring with unsettled freedom,
One step to lawless power, one bold attempt
Renew'd, the least infringement of our charters,
Would in the giddy nation raise a tempest.
Return, my prince. You have already say'd
Your father from his foes, from haughty *Leister*:
Now save him from his ministers, from those
Who hold him captive in the worst of chains—

ED-

EDWARD.

You, *Gloster*, fav'd us both.

GLOSTER.

I did my duty ;

Even while I join'd with *Leister*, did my duty—
I hope I did—He, who contends for freedom,
Can ne'er be justly deem'd his sovereign's foe :
No, 'tis the wretch that tempts him to subvert it,
The soothing slave, the traitor in the bosom,
Who best deserves that name ; he is a worm
That eats out all the happiness of kingdoms.

Edward, return ; lose not a day, an hour,
Before this city. Tho' your cause be holy,
Believe me, 'tis a much more pious office,
To save your father's old and broken years,
His mild and easy temper, from the snares
Of low, corrupt, insinuating traitors :
A nobler office far ! on the firm base
Of well-proportion'd liberty, to build
The common quiet, happiness, and glory,
Of king and people, *England's* rising grandeur.
To you, my prince, this task, of right, belongs.
Has not the royal heir a juster claim
To share his father's inmost heart and counsels,
Than aliens to his int'rest, those, who make
A property, a market of his honour ?

One reason more allow me to suggest
For peace, immediate peace—should blind misfortune,
In this far distant hostile land, oppress us ;

A

A chance to which our weakness stands expos'd :
What, *Edward*, of thy princess would become,
Thy *Eleonora* ; she, whose tender love
Thro' stormy seas, and in fierce camps attends thee ?
What of thy blooming offspring ? charg'd with these,
To give our courage scope, were cruel rashness.

EDWARD.

Enough, my lord, I stand resolv'd on peace ;
And will to *England* strait.—But where, alas !
Where shall we cover our inglorious heads ;
When gay with hope the people round us press,
To hear by what exploits we have sustain'd
The fame of *Richard*, and of *English* valour ?
Shall I, my generous country, I be rank'd
With those weak princes, who consume thy wealth,
And sink thy name in idle expeditions ?
Perfidious *France* ! Be this the ruling point
Of my whole life, and passion of my soul,
To humble thee, proud nation !—Mean-time, *Gloster*,
See that the captive princess be restor'd,
Daraxa, to the Sultan of this city,
Whose bride she is—We wage not war with women.

SCENE II.

EDWARD, THEALD, GLOSTER, *an Officer belonging to the Prince.*

OFFICER.

One from the prince of *Jaffa*, Sir, demands
Your secret ear on some important message.

EDWARD.

Conduct him to my tent— *[Officer goes out.]*

He brings, I judge,
The Sultan's last instructions for this peace.
Here wait : I may your faithful counsel want.

SCENE III.

THEALD, GLOSTER.

THEALD.

Whatever woes, of late, have clouded *England*;
Yet must I, *Gloster*, call that nation happy,
On whose horizon smiles a dawning prince
Of *Edward's* worth and virtues.

GLOSTER.

True, my friend;
Edward has great, has amiable virtues,
That virtue chiefly which befits a prince :

He

He loves the people he must one day rule ;
 With fondness loves them, with a noble pride ;
 Esteems their good, esteems their glory his.
 One instance it becomes me to recount,
 That shows the genuine greatness of his soul.
 Tho' I have met him in the bloody field,
 He fighting for his father, I for freedom ;
 Yet bears his bosom no remaining grudge
 Of those distracted times : to me his heart
 Is greatly reconcil'd—Virtue ! beyond
 The little unforgiving soul of tyrants !

Now will I tell thee, *Theald*, whence I stoop
 To wear the gaudy chains of court-attendance,
 At these gray years ; that should in calm retirement
 Pass the soft evening of a bustling life,
 And plume my parting soul for better worlds.
 Amidst his many virtues, youthful *Edward*
 Is lofty, warm, and absolute of temper :
 I therefore seek to moderate his heat,
 To guide his fiery virtues, that, misled
 By dazzling power and flattering sycophants,
 Might finish what his father's weaker measures
 Have try'd in vain. And hence I here attend him,
 In expeditions which I ne'er approv'd,
 In holy wars—your pardon, reverend father—
 I must declare I think such wars the fruit
 Of idle courage or mistaken zeal,
 Sometimes of rapine and religious rage,

To every mischief prompt.

THEALD.

You wrong, my lord,

You wrong them much. To set this matter only
Upon a civil footing : say, what right
Had robbers rushing from *Arabian* deserts,
Fierce as the suns that kindled up their rage,
Thus, in a barbarous torrent, to bear down
All *Asia*, *Afric*, and profane their altars ?
And to repel brute force by force is just.
Nay, does not even our duty, interest, glory,
The common honour of the Christian name,
Require us to repress their wild ambition,
That labours westward still, and threatens *Europe* ?

GLOSTER.

Yes, when they burst their limits, let us check them:
And with a firmer hand than those loose Christians,
The most corrupt and abject of mankind,
Slaves, doubly slaves, who suffer'd these *Arabians*,
In virtue their superiors as in valour,
Without resistance to o'er-run the world.
By rage and zeal, 'tis true, their empire rose :
But now some settled ages of possession
Create a right, than which, I fear, few nations
Can shew a better. Sure I am 'tis madness,
Inhuman madness, thus, from half the world,
To drain its blood and treasure, to neglect
Each art of peace, each care of government ;

And

And all for what ? By spreading desolation,
 Rapine and slaughter o'er the other half,
 To gain a conquest we can never hold.

I venerate this land. Those sacred hills,
 Those vales, those cities, trod by saints and prophets,
 By God himself, the scenes of heavenly wonders,
 Inspire me with a certain awful joy.
 But the same God, my friend, pervades, sustains,
 Surrounds, and fills this universal frame;
 And every land where spreads his vital presence,
 His all-enlivening breath, to me is holy.

Excuse me, *Theald*, if I go too far :
 I meant alone to say, I think these wars
 A kind of persecution. And when that,
 That most absurd and cruel of all vices,
 Is once begun, where shall it find an end ?
 Each in his turn, or has or claims a right
 To wield its dagger, to return its furies ;
 And, first or last, they fall upon ourselves.

EDWARD, *behind the scenes*.

Inhuman villain ! is thy message murder !

THEALD.

Ha ! heard you not the prince exclaiming murder ?

GLOSTER.

Should this Barbarian messenger—

(*Moving towards the noise*).

'Tis so !

B 3

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

THEALD, GLOSTER; *to them prince EDWARD
wounded in the arm, and dragging in the assassin.*

EDWARD.

Detested wretch? And does the prince of *Jaffa*
Send base assassins to transact his treaties?

There—take thy answer, ruffian;

[Stabs him with the dagger he had wrested from him.]
Blow too hasty!

I should have sav'd thee for a fitter death.

ASSASSIN.

I would have triumph'd, Christian, in thy rage.

For know, thou vile destroyer of the faithful!

That tho' my erring dagger miss'd thy heart,

Yet has it fir'd thy veins with mortal poison,

Whose very touch is death—ALLAH be prais'd!

O glorious fate! prophet, receive my soul! *(Dies.)*

EDWARD, *after a short pause.*

Why gaze you with amazement on each other?

Are we not men, to whom the various chances

Of life are known?

GLOSTER.

Ha! poison! did he say?

Then is at once my prince and country lost!

O fatal wound to *England!*

THEALD.

THEALD.

Quick, my lord!

Retire and have it dress'd, without delay;
 Ere the fell poison can diffuse its rage,
 And deeply taint your blood.

EDWARD.

The princess comes!

O save me from her tenderness!

SCENE V.

EDWARD, THEALD, GLOSTER; *to them the*
princess ELEONORA.

ELEONORA.

My Edward!

Support me!—Oh!

EDWARD.

She faints—My *Eleonora*!

Look up, and bless me with thy gentle eyes!—
 The colour comes, her cheeks resume their beauty,
 And all her charms revive—Hence, spurn that carcass:
 A sight too shocking for my *Eleonora*.

ELEONORA.

And lives my *Edward*, lives my dearest lord,
 From this assassin sav'd—Alas! you bleed!

EDWARD.

EDWARD.

'Tis nought, my lovely princess!—A slight wound—

ELEONORA.

But, ah! methought, I entering heard of poison,
Tainting the blood--What! was the dagger poison'd?--
Ha! silent all! will none relieve my fears?—

GLOSTER.

Madam, restrain your tenderness a moment—
The prince delays too long—Let him retire.
Meanwhile, the troubled camp shall be my care;
Lest the base foe should make a sudden sally,
While yet our troops are stun'd with this disaster.

EDWARD.

I thank thee, noble *Gloster*. Nor, alone
Support my troops; go, rouse them to revenge;
Tell them their injur'd prince will try their love,
Their valour soon—And you, my friend, good *Theald*,
Attend the princess—Chear thee, *Eleonora*!
I cannot, will not, leave thee long, to vex
Thy tender soul with aggravated fears.

THEALD.

Behold *Daraxa*, the false Sultan's bride.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

ELEONORA, THEALD, DARAXA.

DARAXA.

Princess of *England*, let me share thy grief.
Whence flow these tears? and what this wild alarm,
This noise of murder and assassination?

ELEONORA.

Alas! the prince is wounded by a ruffian;
And with a poison'd dagger, as I fear.
Yet none will ease me of this racking thought—
Nay, tell me, *Theald*, since to know the worst
Is oft a kind of miserable comfort;
What has befall'n the prince? For this slight wound
Could never thus o'ercast the brave with terror.

THEALD.

I dare not, princess, dally with your fate,
An impious villain, from the Sultan *Selim*,
Pretended to the prince a secret message,
About the peace in treaty. Dreading nought,
He left us here, and to his tent retir'd,
There to receive this execrable envoy.
Strait with the prince alone, the fierce assassin
Attempted on his life; but, in his arm,
He took, it seems, the blow, and, from the villain
Wresting the dagger, plung'd it to his heart.

This

This last we saw, and heard the inhuman bigot,
Who deem'd himself a martyr in their cause,
Boast, as he dy'd, the prince's wound was poison'd—

ELEONORA.

Then all I fear'd is true ! then am I wretched,
Beyond even hope !

DARAXA.

A villain from the Sultan !—

ELEONORA.

Ah the distracting thought ! And is my life !
My love ! my *Edward* ! on the brink of fate !
Of fate that may this moment snatch him from me !

DARAXA.

What ! *Selim* send assassins ? and beneath
A name so sacred ? *Selim*, whose renown
Is incense breathing o'er the sweeten'd east ;
For each humane, each generous virtue fam'd ;
Selim ! the rock of faith ! and sun of honour !

ELEONORA.

O complicated wo ! The Christian cause
Has now no more a patron and restorer ;
England no more a prince, in whom she plac'd
Her glory, her delight, her only hope ;
These desolated troops no more a chief ;
No more a husband, a protector, I,
A friend, a lover ! and my helpless children
No more a father !

DARAXA.

Pardon, gentle princess,

If in this whirlwind of revolving passions,
That snatch my soul by turns, I have forgot
To pay the tribute which I owe thy sorrows—
But I myself, alas ! am more unhappy !

ELEONORA.

What woes can equal mine ? who lose, thus vilely,
The best ! the bravest ! loveliest of mankind !—

DARAXA.

You only *lose* the man you love, but I,
O insupportable ! must learn to *hate*,
To *scorn* what once was all my pride and transport !
Should *Edward* die by this accursed crime,
(Which heaven forbid) he dies admir'd, lov'd,
In the full bloom of fame and spotless honour.
To you, the daughter of illustrious grief,
Your tears remain, and sadly-sweet reflection ;
You with his image, with his virtues, still,
Amidst the pensive gloom, may converse hold :
While I—Ah ! nothing meets my blasted sight
But a black view of infamy and horror !
What is the loss of life to loss of virtue !—
And yet how can this heavenly spark be lost ?
No ! virtue burns with an immortal flame.
He is bely'd—some villain has abus'd him.

THEALD.

I honour, madam, this your virtuous grief :
But that the Sultan did employ th' assassin
Is past all doubt—Behold the false instructions,

By

By which he gain'd admittance.

[Giving her the letter the prince had dropt.]

DARAXA.

Ha!—'Tis so!

His hand! his seal—From my detesting heart,

I tear him thus for ever!—Perish, *Selim!*

Perish the feeble wretch, who more bewails him!

That were to share his guilt!—Unhappy princess!

Now let me turn my soul to thy assistance—

There is a cure, 'tis true—

ELEONORA.

A cure, *Daraxa!*

O say, what cure?

DARAXA.

No; it avails not, madam;

None can be found to risk it.

ELEONORA.

None to risk it?

Quick tell me what it is, my dear *Daraxa*.

DARAXA.

To find some person, that, with friendly lip,

May draw the poison forth; at least, its rage

And mortal spirit. This will bring the wound

Within the power of art: but certain death

Attends the generous deed.

ELEONORA, *kneeling*.

Then hear me, heaven!

Prime source of love! Ye saints and angels, hear me!

I here devote me for the best of men,

Of

Of princes and of husbands. On this cross
I seal the cordial vow : confirm it heaven !
And grant me courage in the hour of trial !

THEALD.

O tendernefs unequal'd !

DARAXA.

Glorious princefs !

ELEONORA.

Go, *Theald*, quickly find the earl of *Gloster*,
And with him break this matter to the prince.
As for the person, leave that task to me.
I with *Daraxa* will your call attend ;
O all ye powers of love, your influence lend.

End of the First Act.

ACT II, SCENE I.

GLOSTER, THEALD.

GLOSTER.

NO, *Theald*, no ; he never will consent—
I know him well ; he ne'er will purchase life,
At such a rate : besides, in aid of love,
His generous pride would come, and deem it baseness.

THEALD.

Then is yon fun his last. The blackning wound
Begins already to confess the poison—
Meantime, my lord, both friendship and our duty
Demand, at least, the trial. Well I know,
That, poise his life with hers, he would as nothing
Esteem his own : but sure the life of thousands,
The mingled cause at once of heaven and earth,
Should o'er the best the dearest life prevail.

GLOSTER.

Alas ! my friend, you *reason*, *Edward loves*.
How weak the head contending with the heart !
Yet be the trial made—Behold he comes.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

EDWARD, GLOSTER, THEALD.

EDWARD, *entering*.

O thou bright sun! now hast'ning to those climes,
That parent-isle, which I no more shall see;
And for whose welfare oft my youthful heart
Has vainly form'd so many a fond design;
O thither bear, resplendent orb of day,
To that dear spot of earth, my last farewell!

And oh! eternal providence, whose course,
Amidst the various maze of life, is fix'd,
By boundless wisdom and by boundless love,
I follow thee, with resignation, hope,
With confidence and joy; for thou art good,
And of thy rising goodness is no end!

Well met, my dearest friends!—It was too true,
The villain's threatening; and I nearly touch
That awful hour which every man must prove,
Yet every man still shifts at distance from him.
Come then, and let us fill the space between
These last important moments, whence we take
Our latest tincture for eternity,
With solemn converse and exalting friendship—
Nay—*Theald—Gloster*—wound me not with tears,
With tears that fall o'er venerable cheeks!

D 2

What

What could the princess more?—Ah! there, indeed,
At every thought of her, I feel a weight,
A dreadful weight of tenderness, that shakes
My firmest resolution—Where is she?

THEALD.

She burns with fond impatience to attend you.

EDWARD.

And how, brave *Gloster*, did you leave the camp?

GLOSTER.

The camp, sir, is secure: each foldier there
From indignation draws new force and spirit.
O 'tis a glorious, an affecting fight!
Those furrow'd cheeks that never knew before
The dew of tears, now in a copious shower
Are bath'd. Around your tent they, anxious, crowd,
Rank over rank: some pressing for a look;
Some sadly musing, with dejected eye;
Some, on their knees, preferring vows to heaven;
And, with extended arm, some breathing vengeance.
“Base *Saracens*, they cry, perfidious cowards!
“But blood shall wash out blood—Ah! poor atonement,
“Did the whole bleeding city fall a victim!”

EDWARD.

Alas, that to repay their faithful love
I cannot live!—Yet moderate their zeal;
And let the sword of justice only strike
The faithless *Selim*, and his guilty council.
My new-departed spirit, just escap'd
From the low fev'rish passions of this life,

Would

Would grieve to see the blood of innocence,
With that of guilt confounded, stain my tomb.

THEALD.

Permit me, sir, the hope, that you yourself—
I speak it on just cause—may live to punish
This breach of all the sacred rights of men.

EDWARD.

Why will you turn my thoughts, from earth enlarg'd,
To soft enfeebling views of life again?

THEALD.

Not to a vain desire of life, my lord,
I would recal them; but inspire each hope,
Advise each possibility to save it.
And there is yet a remedy.

EDWARD.

Delusion!

THEALD.

The fair *Arabian* princess mention'd one.

EDWARD.

She one!—*Daraxa*!—something to compleat
Her lover's crime.

THEALD.

You could not wrong her thus,
Had you beheld the tempest of her soul,
Her grief, her rage, confusion, when she heard
Of *Selim's* baseness; had you seen that honour,
That glorious fire which darted from her eyes;
'Till in a flood of virtuous sorrow sunk
She almost equal'd *Eleonora's* tears.

D 3

EDWARD.

EDWARD.

What was it she propos'd ?

THEALD.

It was, my lord,
To find some person, who, with friendly lip,
Might draw the deadly spirit——

EDWARD.

I have heard
Of such a cure ; but is it not, good *Theald*,
An action fatal to the kind performer ?

THEALD.

Yes, surely fatal.

EDWARD.

Name it then no more.
I should despise the paltry life it purchas'd.
Besides, what mortal can dispose so rashly
Of his own life ? Talk not of low condition,
And of my public rank : when life or death
Becomes the question, all distinctions vanish ;
Then the first monarch and the lowest slave
On the same level stand, in this the sons
Of equal nature all.

THEALD.

Allow me, fir,
If 'tis a certain, an establish'd duty,
Than duty more, the height of human virtue,
To sacrifice a transitory life

For

For that kind source from whence it is deriv'd,
And all its guarded joys, our dearest country;
It may be justly sacrific'd for those
On whom depends the welfare of the public.
And there is one, my lord, who stands devoted,
By solemn and irrevocable vows,
To die for you.

EDWARD.

To die for me!—Kind nature!

Thanks to thy forming hand, I can myself,
Chearful, sustain to pay this debt I owe thee,
Without the borrow'd sufferings of another.
No, *Theald*, urge this argument no more.
I love not life to that degree, to purchase,
By the sure death of some brave guiltless friend,
A few uncertain days, that often rise,
Like this, serene and gay, when, with swift wing,
A moment wraps them in disastrous fate.

GLOSTER.

Did we consult to save your single life,
Was that the present question, thy refusal
Were just, were generous. But, my lord, this person,
Who stands for you devoted, should, in that,
Be deem'd devoted for the christian cause,
The common cause of *Europe* and thy country;
Dies for the brave companions of thy fortune,
Who weeping now around thy tent conjure thee
To live for them, and *England's* promis'd glory.
O save our country, *Edward!* save a nation,

The

The chosen land, the last retreat of freedom,
 Amidst a world enslav'd !—Cast back thy view,
 And trace from farthest times her old renown.
 Think of the blood that, to maintain her rights,
 And guard her sheltering laws, has flow'd in battle,
 Or on the patriot's scaffold. Think what cares,
 What vigilance, what toils, what bright contention,
 In councils, camps, and well-disputed senates,
 It cost our generous ancestors, to raise
 A matchless plan of freedom : whence we shine,
 Even in the jealous eye of hostile nations,
 The happiest of mankind.—Then see all this,
 This virtue, wisdom, toil and blood of ages,
 Behold it ready to be lost for ever.

In this important, this decisive hour,
 On thee, and thee alone, our weeping country
 Turns her distressful eye ; to thee she calls,
 And with a helpless parent's piercing voice.
 Wilt thou not live for her ? for her subdue
 A graceful pride, I own, but still a pride,
 That more becomes thy courage and thy youth
 Than birth and public station ? Nay, for her,
 Say, wouldst thou not resign the dearest passions ?

EDWARD.

O there is nothing, which for thee, my country,
 I, in my proper person, could not suffer !
 But thus to sculk behind another's life,
 'Tis what I have not courage to support,
 It makes a kind of coward of me, *Gloster*.

But

But let me see this friend, whose generous virtue
Exceeds what even my favourable thoughts
Had imag'd in the selfish race of man.
The purpose claims the merit of the deed ;
And ere I die I must requite his friendship.
Conduct him hither, *Theald*.

S C E N E III.

EDWARD, GLOSTER.

EDWARD.

Ah, my *Gloster*,

You have not touch'd on something that here pleads
For longer life, beyond the force of reason,
Perhaps too powerful pleads—my *Eleonora* !
To thee, my friend, I will not be ashamed
Even to avow my love in all its fondness.
For oh there shines in this my dearer self !
This partner of my soul ! such a mild light
Of careless charms, of unaffected beauty,
Such more than beauty, such endearing goodness,
That when I meet her eye, where cordial faith,
And every gentle virtue mix their lustre,
I feel a transport that partakes of anguish !
How shall I then behold her, on the point
To leave her, *Gloster*, in a distant land ?

For

For ever in a stormy world to leave her ?
 There is no misery to be fear'd like that
 Which from our greatest happiness proceeds !

S C E N E IV.

EDWARD, GLOSTER, THEALD *presenting the
 princess* ELEONORA *as the person he went to
 bring,* DARAXA.

EDWARD.

O heaven !—what do I see ?—I am betray'd !
[Turning away.]

ELEONORA.

Edward !

EDWARD.

O 'tis too much ! O spare me, nature !

ELEONORA.

Not look upon me, *Edward ?*

EDWARD.

Eleonora !

How on this dreadful errand canst thou come ?

ELEONORA.

Behold me kneel——

EDWARD.

Why kneel you, best of women !
 You ne'er offended, ne'er in thought offended !
 Thou art all truth, and love, and angel-goodness !
Why

Why do you kneel ? O rise, my *Eleonora* !

ELEONORA.

Let me fulfil my vow.

EDWARD.

O never ! never !

ELEONORA.

Let me preserve a life, in which is wrapt
The life of thousands, dearer than my own !
Live thou, and let me die for thee, my *Edward* !

EDWARD.

For me !—thy words are daggers to my soul.
And wouldst thou have me then thus meanly save
A despicable life ? a life expos'd
To that worst torment, to my own contempt !
A life still haunted by the cruel image,
Of thy last pangs, thy agonizing throws,
The dire convulsions of these tender limbs ;
And all for one—O infamy !—for one,
By love, by duty bound, each manly tie,
Even by a peasant's honour to protect thee ?
Yet this, tho' strong, invincible, is nought
To what my wounded tenderness could urge
Against thy dire request—But should fate demand
The life we love, then, then, we must exert
The greatest act of human resignation,
We must submit. But wouldst thou have me, say,
Doom thee myself ? with voluntary choice,
Nay by a barbarous crime, untimely snatch
This worst of ills ? Would *Eleonora* make me

Of

Of all mankind the most compleatly wretched ?

ELEONORA.

Plead not the voice of honour. Well I know,
There is no danger, pain, no form of death,
Thou wouldst not meet with transport to protect me.
But I, alas ! an unimportant woman,
Whose only boast and merit is to love thee ;
Ah, what am I, with nameless numbers weigh'd ?
With myriads yet unborn ? All ranks, all ages,
All arts, all virtues, all a state comprizes ?
These have a higher claim to thy protection.
Live then for them.—O make a generous effort !
What none but heroes can, bid the soft passions
The private stoop to those that grasp the public.
Live to possess the pleasure of a God,
To bless a people trusted to thy care.
Live to fulfil thy long career of glory,
But just begun. To die for thee be mine.
I ne'er can find a brighter, happier fate ;
And fate will come at last, inglorious fate !
O grudge me not a portion of thy fame !
As join'd in love, O raise me to thy glory !

EDWARD.

In vain is all thy eloquence. The more
Thou wouldst persuade, I with encreasing horror,
Fly from thy purpose.

ELEONORA.

Dost thou love me, *Edward* ?

EDWARD.

EDWARD.

Oh!—If I love thee?—Witness heaven and earth!
 Angels of death that hover round me, witness!
 Witness these blinded eyes, these trembling arms,
 This heart that beats unutterable fondness,
 To what an agony I love thee——

ELEONORA.

Then

Thou sure wilt save me from the worst of pains,

EDWARD.

O that I could from all engross thy sufferings!
 Pain felt for thee were pleasure!

ELEONORA.

Hear me, *Edward*.

I speak the strictest truth, no flight of passion,
 I speak my naked heart.—To die, I own,
 Is a dread passage, terrible to nature,
 Chiefly to those who have, like me, been happy.—
 But to survive thee—O 'tis greatly worse!
 'Tis a continual death! I cannot bear
 The very thought—O leave me not behind thee!

EDWARD.

Since nought can alter my determin'd breast,
 Why dost thou pierce me with this killing image?

ELEONORA.

Ah! selfish that thou art! with thee the toil,
 The tedious toil of life will soon be o'er;
 Thou soon wilt hide thee in the quiet grave:
 While I, a lonely widow, with my orphans,

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Am

Am left defenceless to a troubled world,
 A false, ungrateful, and injurious world!——
 Oh! if thou lov'st me, *Edward*, I conjure thee,
 By that celestial flame which blends our souls!
 By all a father, all a mother feels!
 By every holy tenderness, I charge thee!
 Live to protect the pledges of our love,
 Our children!——

EDWARD.

Oh!——

ELEONORA.

Our young, our helpless——

EDWARD.

Oh!——

Distraction!——Let me go!

ELEONORA.

Nay, drag me with thee ——

To the kind tomb——Thou canst not leave our children!
 Expos'd, by being thine, beyond the lowest!
 Surrounded with the perils of a throne!——

EDWARD.

Cruel! no more embitter thus our last,
 Our parting moments! Set no more the terrors
 Of these best passions in array against me!
 For by that power, I swear, Father of life!
 Whose universal love embraces all
 That breathes this ample air; whose perfect wisdom
 Brings light from darkness, and from evil good;
 To

To whom I recommend thee, and my children :
By him I swear ! I never will submit
To what thy horrid tenderness proposes !

GLOSTER.

My lord—

EDWARD.

Oh !—these emotions are too much—
I feel a heavy languor steal upon me :
The working poison clogs the springs of life.
Conduct me to my couch—Ah ! *Eleonora* !
If we ne'er meet again—This one embrace—
Yet sink not to despair—Heaven may preserve me
By means superior to all human hope.

ELEONORA.

I will not, cannot quit thee !—

SCENE V.

ELEONORA, DARAXA.

DARAXA.

Princess stay.

Think not the hand of death is yet upon him,
Resistless sleep will first oppress his senses,
Before the last convulsive pangs come on ;
For so the numbing poison oft begins
To spread its dark malignity.—

E 2

ELEONORA.

ELEONORA.

Ha!—Sleep?—

Then is the time—Thanks to inspiring heaven!
But come, and ere the venom sink too deep,
Swift let me seize the favouring hour of sleep.

End of the Second Act.

A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

GLOSTER.

O Miracle of love! O wond'rous princefs!
'Tis fuch as thou, who keep the gentle flame,
That animates fociety, alive,
Who make the dwellings of mankind delightful.
What is vain life? an idle flight of days,
A ftill-delufive round of fickly joys,
A fcene of little cares and trifling paffions,
If not ennobled by fuch deeds of virtue?
And yet this matchlefs virtue! what avails it?
Th' afflicting angel has forfook the prince,
And now pours out his terrors on the princefs.
Forfook him, faid I?—No, he muft awake
To keener evils than the body knows,
Which minds alone, and generous minds can feel:
O virtue! virtue! as thy joys excel,
So are thy woes transcendent; the grofs world
Knows not the blefs or misery of either—
The prince forfakes his couch—He feems renew'd
In health—Ah, fhort deceitful gleam of eafe!

E 3

SCENE

S C E N E II.

EDWARD, GLOSTER.

EDWARD, advancing from his couch.

Hail to the fresher earth and brighter day !
 I feel me lighten'd of the mortal load
 That lay upon my spirits. This kind sleep
 Has shed a balmy quiet thro' my veins.
 Whence this amazing change ?——

But be my first chief care, Author of good !
 To bend my soul in gratitude to thee !
 'Thou when blind mortals wander thro' the deeps
 Of comfortless despair, with timely hand,
 Invisible, and by unthought-of ways,
 Thus lead'st them forth into thy light again.

GLOSTER.

How fares my lord, the prince ?

EDWARD.

To health restor'd.

Only a kind of lassitude remains,
 A not displeasing weakness hangs upon me :
 Like the soft trembling of the settled deep,
 After a storm.

GLOSTER.

Father of health be prais'd !

EDWARD.

EDWARD.

The moment that I sunk upon my couch,
 A sick and troubled slumber fell upon me ;
 Chaos of gloomy unconnected thought !
 That, in blackeddy whirl'd, made sleep more dreadful
 Than the worst waking pang. While thus I toils'd,
 Ready to bid farewell to suffering clay,
 Methought an angel came and touch'd my wound.
 At this the parting gloom clear'd up apace ;
 My slumbers soften'd ; and, with health, return'd
 Serenity of mind, and order'd thought,
 And fair ideas glad'ning all the soul.
 Aerial music too, by fancy heard,
 Sooth'd my late pangs and harmoniz'd my breast.
 Thro' shades of bliss I walk'd, where heavenly forms
 Sung to their lutes my *Eleonora's* love—
 But where is she ? the glory of her sex !
 O dearer, justly dearer, far than ever !
 Quick, let me find her, pour into her bosom
 My full full soul, with tenderness o'ercharg'd,
 With glad surprise, with gratitude and wonder.—
 Ha ! why this silence ? this dejected look ?
 You cast a drooping eye upon the ground.
 Where is the princess ?

GLOSTER.

She, my lord, reposes.

EDWARD.

Reposes !—No !—It is not likely, *Gloster*,

That

That she would yield her weeping eyes to sleep,
 While I lay there in agonies—away !
 I am too feeble then to know the truth.
 Say, is she well ?

GLOSTER.

Now show thy courage, *Edward*—

EDWARD.

O all my fears ! I shall start out to madness !
 What !—while I slept ?

GLOSTER.

Yes.——

EDWARD.

Misery ! distraction !

My peace, my honour is betray'd for ever !
 O love ! O shame ! O murder'd *Eleonora* !

S C E N E III.

GLOSTER.

Unhappy prince ! go find thy *Eleonora*,
 And in heart-easing grief exhale thy passion :
 All other comfort, now, were to talk down
 The winds and raging seas.—But yonder comes
 Th' *Arabian* princess. From her tears I learn
 The moving scene within.

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

GLOSTER, DARAXA, *a messenger from SELIM,*
attending at some distance.

DARAXA.

O! 'tis too much!

I can no more support it.

GLOSTER.

Generous mourner,

How is it with the princess *Eleonora*?

DARAXA.

Struck by the poison on her couch she lies,
A rose soft-drooping in *Sabea* vales,
Beneath the fiery dog-star's noxious rage.
O Christian chief, I never shall forget
The scene these melting eyes have just beheld,
With mingled tears of tenderness and wonder.

GLOSTER.

How was it, madam?

DARAXA.

When this pride of women,
This best of wives, which in his radiant course
The sun beholds, when first she, sickening, felt
Th' imperious summons of approaching fate,
All rob'd in spotless white she fought the altar;
And, prostrate there, for her departing soul,

The

The prince her husband, and her orphan children,
Implor'd th' Eternal Mind.—As yet she held
Her swelling tears, and in her bosom kept
Her sighs repress'd : nor did the near approach
Of the pale king of terrors dim her beauty ;
No, rather adding to her charms, it breath'd
A certain mournful sweetness thro' her features.
But as th' increasing bane more desp'rate grew,
Wild to her bed she rush'd, and then, indeed,
The lovely fountains of her eyes were open'd,
Then flow'd her tears.—“ Connubial bed, she cry'd,
“ Chaste witness of my tenderness for him,
“ To save whose life I unrepining die
“ In bloom of youth, farewell !—Thou shalt, perhaps,
“ Receive a fairer, a more happy bride ;
“ But never a more faithful, never one
“ Who loves her husband with a fonder passion.”
Here flow'd her tears afresh ; with burning lip
She press'd the humid couch, and wept again.
At last, while weary sorrow paus'd, she rose,
And, fearing lest immediate death might seize her,
Demanded to be led to see the prince ;
But fear of chasing from his eyes, too soon,
The salutary sleep that heal'd his pangs,
Restrain'd her trembling footsteps. On her couch,
Abandon'd to despair, she sunk anew,
And for her children call'd. Her children came.
A while, supported on her arm, she ey'd them,
With tears pursuing tears a-down her cheek,

With.

With all the speechless misery of woe—
 I see her still—O God!—the powerful image
 Dissolves me into tears!

GLOSTER.

Madam, proceed.
 Such tears are virtue, and excel the joys
 Of wanton pride.

DARAXA.

Then starting up she went
 To snatch them to a mother's last embrace;
 When strait reflecting that the piercing poison
 Might taint their tender years, she sudden shrunk
 With horror back—"O wretch'd *Eleonora*!
 " (She weeping cry'd) and must I then not taste
 " The poor remaining comfort of the dying,
 " To see a husband, clasp my dearest children,
 " And mix my parting soul with theirs I love?"
 Her sad attendants, that till then had mourn'd
 In silent sorrow all, at This, gave way
 To loud laments—She rais'd her languid eye,
 And casting on them round a gracious smile,
 To each by name she call'd, ev'n to the lowest,
 To each extended mild her friendly hand,
 Gave, and, by turns, receiv'd a last farewell.
 Such is the dreadful scene from which I come.

GLOSTER.

How heighten'd now with *Edward's* mingled woes!
 Why are my ling'ring years reserv'd for this?

DARAXA.

DARAXA.

Come nearer, you, the messenger of *Selim*,
 And bear him back this answer—His chief aim,
 He says, in stooping to solicit peace,
 Was from the chains of infidels to save me.
 What ! was it then to rescue me he sent,
 Beneath an all-rever'd and sacred name,
 Beneath the shelter of his hand and seal,
 A murdering wretch, a sacrilegious bigot,
 To stab at once the gallant prince of *England*,
 And public faith ? nay, with a poison'd dagger
 (Such his inhuman cowardice) to stab him ?
 So well, 'tis true, he judg'd ; the christian prince
 Had now been mingled with the harmless dead ;
 If his bright princess, glorious *Eleonora*,
 Had not redeem'd his dearer life with hers.
 You heard in what extremity she lies.
 Go, tell the tyrant then—O heaven and earth !
 O vanity of virtue ! that *Daraxa*
 Should e'er to *Selim* send so fell a message—
 I will suppress its bitterness—Yet tell him,
 This crime has plac'd eternal bars between us.
 See my last tear to love—*Arabian* wilds
 Shall bury 'midst their rocks the lost *Daraxa*.
 Away !

GLOSTER.

Behold, they bear this way the princess,
 Once more to taste the sweetness of the sun,
 Ere yet to mortal light she bid farewell.

S C E N E

SCENE V.

GLOSTER, DARAXA, THEALD, EDWARD, ELEONORA borne in by her attendants on a couch.

ELEONORA, *entering*.

A little on, a little further on,
Bear me, my friends, into the cooling air.
O chearful sun ! O vital light of day !

EDWARD.

That sun is witness of our matchless woes,
Is witness of our innocence——Alas !
What have we done to merit this disaster ?

ELEONORA.

O earth ! O genial roofs ! O the dear coast
Of *Albion's* isle ! which I no more shall see !—

EDWARD.

Nay, yield not to thy weakness, *Eleonora* !
Sustain thyself a little, nor desert me !
Th' all-ruling Goodness may relieve us still.

ELEONORA.

Edward ! I tremble ! terror seizes on me !
Thro' the rent veil of yon furrounding sky,
I had a glimpse, I saw th' eternal world.
They call, they urge me hence—Yes, I obey.
But O forgive me, heaven ! if 'tis with pain,
With agonies, I tear my soul from his !

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EDWARD.

EDWARD.

Heavens! what I suffer!—How thy plaintive voice
Shoots anguish thro' my soul!

ELEONORA.

Some power unseen—

Thy hand, my *Edward*—some dark power unseen
Is dragging me away—O yet a little,
A little, spare me!—Ah! how shall I leave
My weeping friends, my husband and my children?

EDWARD.

Unhappy friends! O greatly wretched husband!
And O poor careless orphans, who not feel
The depth of your misfortune!

ELEONORA.

Lay me down;

Soft, lay me down—my powers are all dissolv'd—
A little forward bend me—Oh!

EDWARD.

Oh heav'n!

How that soft frame is torn with cruel pangs!
Pangs robb'd from me!

ELEONORA.

'Tis thence they borrow ease—

My children! O my children! you no more
Have now a mother; now, alas! no more
Have you a mother, O my hapless children!

EDWARD.

What do I hear! What desolating words
Are these? more bitter than a thousand deaths!

Death

Death to my soul ! Call up thy failing spirit,
And leave me not to misery and ruin !

ELEONORA.

Edward, I feel an interval of ease :
And, ere I die, have something to impart
That will relieve my sufferings.

EDWARD.

Speak, my soul !

Speak thy desire : I live but to fulfil it.

ELEONORA.

Thou seest in what a hopeless state I lie,
I who this morning rose in pride of youth,
High-blooming, promis'd many happy years.
I die for thee, I self-devoted die.
Think not, from this, that I repent my vow :
Or that, with little vanity, I boast it :
No ; what I did from unrepenting love
I cheerful did, from love that knows no fear,
No pain, no weak remission of its ardor.
And what, alas ! what was it but the dictate
Of honour and of duty ? nay, 'twas selfish,
To save me from unsufferable pain,
From dragging here a wretched life without thee
Two fears yet stand betwixt my soul and peace.
One is for thee, lest thou disturb my grave
With tears of wild despair. Grieve not like those
Who have no hope. We yet shall meet again ;
We still are in a kind Creator's hand ;
Eternal Goodness reigns. Besides, this parting,
This parting, *Edward*, must have come at last,

F 2

When

When years of friendship had, perhaps, exalted
 Our love, if that can be, to keener anguish.
 Think what thy station, what thy fame demanded ;
 Nor yield thy virtue even to worthy passions.
 My other care—my other care is idle—
 From that thy equal tenderness with mine,
 Thy love and generosity secure me.
 Our children——

EDWARD.

Yes, I penetrate thy fear.

But hear me, dying sweetness ! On this hand,
 This cold pale hand I vow, our children never,
 Shall never call another by the name
 Sacred to thee ; my *Eleonora's* children
 Shall never feel the hateful power thou fear'st.
 As one in life, so death cannot divide us.
 Nor high descent, nor beauty, nought that woman,
 In her unbounded vanity of heart,
 Can wish, shall ever tempt my faith from thee.
Shall ever, said I ? Piteous boast indeed !
 O nothing *can* !—I should be gross of heart,
 Tasteless and dull as earth, to think with patience,
 Without abhorrence, of a second *Hymen*.
 Where can I find such beauty ? Where such grace,
 The soul of beauty ? where such winning charms ?
 Where such a soft divinity of goodness ?
 Such faith ? such love ? such tenderness unequal'd ?
 Such all that heaven could give--to make me wretched !
 Talk not of comfort—Into what a gulph
 A lone abyss of misery I fall,

The

The moment that I lose thee—Oh ! I know not !
 I dare not think !—But these unhappy orphans—
 Ah the dire cause that makes it double duty—
 Shall now be doubly mine ; to shelter them,
 These pledges of our love, I will attempt
 To brave the horrors of loath'd life without thee.

ELEONORA.

Enough ! it is enough ! On this condition
 Receive them from my hands.

EDWARD.

Dear hands ! dear gift !
 Dear, precious, dying, miserable gift !
 With transport once receiv'd, but now with anguish

ELEONORA.

All-soft'ning time will heal my woes. The dead
 Soon leave the passions of the living free.

EDWARD.

Detested life !—O take me, take me with thee !

ELEONORA.

No, *Edward*, live ; or else I die in vain.

EDWARD.

Raise, raise, my *Eleonora*, thy sweet eyes,
 Once more behold thy children—

ELEONORA.

Oh !—'Tis darkness—

A deadly weight——

EDWARD.

Thou leav'st me then for ever !

ELEONORA.

Where am I ?—Ah !— a tenant still to pain.

The quivering flame of life leaps up a little.
 Mean time, my *Edward*, 'tis my last request,
 That thou wouldst leave me, while I yet enjoy
 A parting gleam of thought—Leave me to Heaven!—
Gloster—farewel—Be careful of the prince—
 Attend him hence—and double now thy friendship.

EDWARD.

Barbarian! off!—Ah! whither would'st thou drag me!

GLOSTER.

My lord, in pity to the princess—

EDWARD.

Oh!

ELEONORA.

Farewel! farewel!—Receive my last adieu,
Edward! my dearest lord! farewel for ever!

EDWARD.

O word of horror!—Can I?—No! I cannot!
 There, take me, lead me, hurl me to perdition!

SCENE VI.

ELEONORA, DARAXA, THEALD. *Attendants.*

ELEONORA.

'Tis past, the bitterness of death is past—

Alas, *Daraxa*, I can ne'er requite

Thy generous cares for me. Thou art the cause

My *Edward* lives, my children have a father,

Thy

Thy heaven-inspir'd propofal—Tell him, *Theald*,
That, in the troubled moments of our parting,
I had forgot to beg he would reftore
Th' *Arabian* princefs to her friends and country—
Thy hand—This fure, howe'er in faith we differ,
Humanity, the foul of all religion,
May well permit.

DARAXA.

By virtue's facred fire !
Our-paradife, the garden of the bleft,
Ne'er fmil'd upon a purer foul than thine.

For me, think not of me ; fuch are my woes,
That I difdain all care, deteft relief :
My name is trod in duft ; thine beams for ever,
The richeft gem that crowns the worth of woman.

ELEONORA.

The guilt of *Selim* cannot ftain thy virtues :
It rather lends them luftre—Bear me back,
My dear attendants : and good *Theald*, come,
Come, aid my mounting foul to fpring away,
From the lov'd fetters of this kindred clay.

End of the third Act.

A C T

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

THEALD, *and a gentleman belonging to him.*

THEALD.

TO me a dervise? Thro' the furious camp,
Yet raging at the perfidy of *Selim*,
How did he safely pass?

GENTLEMAN.

Sir, he had fallen

A victim to their vengeance: but he told them,
His life was of importance to the prince,
That he who struck him stabb'd the heart of *Edward*.
This stay'd their rage; then, after a strict search,
They let him pass thro' ranks of glaring eyes.

I have besides to say, an *English* ship
And one from *Italy* are just arriv'd:
The first brings great dispatches to prince *Edward*;
The other, *holy father*, these to you. [*Kneeling.*]

THEALD.

Go, bid this dervise enter.

S C E N E

SCENE II.

THEALD: *he opens and looks on the dispatches.*

Awful Heaven !

Great ruler of the various heart of man !
Since thou hast rais'd me to conduct thy church,
Without the base cabal too often practis'd,
Beyond my wish, my thought, give me the lights,
The virtues which that sacred trust requires :
A loving, lov'd, unterrifying power,
Such as becomes a father ; humble wisdom ;
Plain, primitive sincerity ; kind zeal,
For truth and virtue rather than opinions ;
And, above all, the charitable soul
Of healing peace and Christian moderation.—
The *dervise* comes.

SCENE III.

THEALD, SELIM *disguis'd as a dervise.*

THEALD.

With me, what would'st thou, dervise ?

SELIM.

The princess *Eleonora* lives she still ?

THEALD.

THEALD.

She lives, and that is all.

SELIM.

Allah be prais'd!

Then lives the honour of the brightning name
Of *Saracen* and *Mussulman*.

THEALD.

How, dervise?

What can wipe out the horror of this deed?

SELIM.

The deed was execrable; but my hand
This instant shall prevent its dire effect.
I bring a certain remedy for poison;
Nor can it come too late, while wandering life
Yet, with faint impulse, stirs along the veins.

THEALD.

Ha! dervise, art thou sure of what thou say'st?

SELIM.

Christian, I am; and therefore am I here.
Haste, lead me to the princess: tho' she lay
Even in the last extremity, tho' call'd
By the fierce angel who compels the dead,
Yet bold experience gives me room to hope.
Oft have I seen its vital touch diffuse
New vigour thro' the poison'd streams of life,
When almost settled into dead stagnation,
Swift as a southern gale unbinds the flood.
Say, wilt thou trust me with the trial, Christian?

THEALD.

THEALD.

Thou know'st, we have great reason for distrust;
But fear in those who can no longer hope,
Were idle and absurd.

SELIM.

Bright heaven! what fear?
Is there a slave of such inhuman baseness
To add fresh outrage to a dying princess?
For virtue dying? look into my eye:
Does one weak ray there shun the keenest gaze?
Say, dost thou there behold so foul a bottom?

THEALD.

No; seeming truth and generous candour shine
In what thou say'st. Come, follow me, good dervise.

SCENE IV.

THEALD, SELIM *disguised*, DARAXA.

DARAXA.

At last, through various pangs the dying princess
Sees the delivering moment, and demands
Thy presence, reverend Christian.

THEALD.

Dervise, come.
Forbid it heaven this aid should be too late!

SCENE

S C E N E V.

DARAXA.

Heaven! can it be! the very face of *Selim*!
 'Tis he himself—I know him, 'tis the sultan;
 And, as he shot athwart me, from his eye
 Flash'd the proud lightning of affronted virtue.
 He must be innocent; his being here
 Is radiant proof he must—O weak DARAXA!
 What man of virtue more would deign to lodge
 His image in thy breast? Ah! what avails
 The light unfounded love, the treacherous friendship,
 That, with inhuman cowardice, gives up
 A worthy man, to infamy and slander?
 They talk'd of aid—what aid?

[*A cry heard within.*

Alas! 'tis past!

Death must be in that cry. O let me fly
 To snatch one parting look; but see the prince
 Rous'd by the sounds of sorrow this way comes.
 Unhappy prince! I venerate his tears—
 O gracious Allah! pity and support him. [Exit.

S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

EDWARD.

That cry was death : Alas ! she is no more !
 The matchless *Eleonora* is no more !—
 Where am I ?—Heavens !—Ah ! what a hideous desert
 Is now this world, this blasted world around me !
 O Sun, I hate thee, I abhor thy light,
 That shews not *Eleonora* ! Earth, thy joy,
 Thy sweetness all is fled, all, all that made
 Thy ways to me delightful, *Eleonora* !
 O *Eleonora* ! perish'd *Eleonora* !
 For ever lost !—That tent ! ah me ! that tent !

[*Going into the tent starts back.*]

I dare not enter there. There Death displays
 His utmost terrors—Pale and lifeless there
 She lies, whose looks were love, whose beauty smil'd
 The sweet effulgence of endearing virtue—
 And here I last beheld her—Ay, and how,
 And how beheld her ?—The remorseless image
 Will hunt me to the grave—I see her suffering,
 With female softness yet to pain superior,
 Fearful and bold at once, with the strong hand
 Of mighty Love constraining feeble nature,
 To steal me from affliction—Let me fly
 This fatal ground—But whither shall I fly ?
 To *England*—O I cannot bear the thought
 Of e'er returning to that country more !

G

That

That country, witness of our happy days,
Where at each step remember'd bliss will sting
My soul to anguish. I already hear
Malice exclaim, nay, blushing Valour sigh,
Where is thy princess? where the wish of thousands?
The charm, the transport of the public eye?
Base prince! And art thou not ashamed to bring
No trophy home but *Eleonora's* corse?—
The grave too is shut up, that last retreat
Of wretched mortals—Yes, my word is pass'd,
To *Eleonora* pass'd. Our orphan children
Bind me to life—O dear, O dangerous passions!
The valiant, in himself, what can he suffer?
Or what does he regard his single woes?
But when, alas, he multiplies himself
To dearer selves, to the lov'd tender fair,
To those whose bliss, whose beings hang upon him,
To helpless children! then, O then! he feels
The point of misery festering in his heart,
And weakly weeps his fortune like a coward.
Such, such am I! undone!—

S C E N E

SCENE VII.

EDWARD, GLOSTER.

EDWARD.

My lord of *Gloster*,

I thought my orders were to be alone.

GLOSTER.

Forgive my fond intrusion—But I cannot
Be so regardless of thy weifare, *Edward*,
As to obey these orders.

EDWARD.

But they shall,
Shall be obey'd—I will enjoy my sorrows,
All that is left me now.

GLOSTER.

The more thy grief,
Just in its cause but frantic in degree,
Seeks aggravating solitude, the more
It suits my love and duty to attend thee,
To try to sooth—

EDWARD.

Away! thou never shalt.
Not all that idle wisdom can suggest,
All the vain talk of proud unfeeling reason,
Shall rob me of one tear.

GLOSTER.

Of nature's tears

G 2

I would

I would not rob thee : they invigorate virtue,
 Soften, at once, and fortify the heart ;
 But when they rise to speak this desperate language,
 They then grow tears of weakness ; yes—

EDWARD.

I care not !

Weakness, whate'er they be, I will indulge them,
 Will, in despite of thee and all mankind,
 Devote my joyless days for ever to them.

GLOSTER.

Reason and virtue then are empty names ?

EDWARD.

Hence ! leave me to my fate—You have undone me ;
 You have made shipwreck of my peace, among you,
 My happiness and honour ; and I now
 Roam the detested world, a careless wretch !

GLOSTER.

Thy honour yet is safe, how long I know not,
 For full it drives upon the rocks of passion.
 O all ye pitying Powers that rule mankind !
 Who so unworthy but may proudly deck him
 With this fair-weather virtue, that exults,
 Glad, o'er the summer main ? The tempest comes,
 The rough winds rage aloud ; when from the helm
 This virtue shrinks, and in a corner lies
 Lamenting.—Heavens ! if privileg'd from trial,
 How cheap a thing were virtue !

EDWARD.

Do—insult me—

Rail,

Rail, spare me not—rail, *Gloster*, all the world—
But know, mean time, thou canst not make me feel
thee——

I have no more connection with mankind.

GLOSTER.

Insult thee, *Edward*? Do these tears insult thee?
These old man's tears!—Friendship, my prince, can
weep,

As well as love—But while I weep thy fortune,
Let me not weep thy virtue sunk beneath it—
Thou hast no more connection with mankind?
Put off thy craving senses, the deep wants
And infinite dependencies of nature;
Put off that strongest passion of the soul,
Soul of the soul, love to society;
Put off all gratitude for what is past,
All generous hope of what is yet to come;
Put off each sense of honour and of duty:
Then use this language—Let me tell thee, *Edward*,
Thou hast connections with mankind, and great ones,
Thou know'st not of; connections! that might rouse
The smallest spark of honour in thy breast,
To wide-awaken'd life and fair ambition.

EDWARD.

What dost thou mean?

GLOSTER.

What mean?—this day, in *England*,
How many ask of *Palestine* their king,
Edward their king?—Read these—

G 3

EDWARD,

EDWARD, *opening the dispatches.*

O Gloster!—Gloster!—

Alas ! my royal father is no more !
The gentlest of mankind, the most abus'd !
Of gracious nature, a fit foil for virtues,
'Till there his creatures sow'd their flattering lies,
And made him—No, not all their curst arts
Could ever make him insolent or cruel.

O my deluded father ! Little joy
Had'st thou in life, led from thy real good,
And genuine glory, from thy people's love,
That noblest aim of kings, by smiling traitors.

Thus weak of heart, thus desolate of soul,
Ah, how unfit am I, with steady hand,
To rule a troubled state !—She, she is gone,
Softner of care, the dear reward of toil,
The source of virtue ! She, who to a crown
Had lent new splendor, who had grac'd a throne
Like the sweet seraph Mercy tempering Justice.
O *Eleonora* ! any life with thee, [pleasure,
The plainest could have charm'd : but pomp and
All that a loving people can bestow,
By thee unshar'd will only serve to fret
The wounds of woe, and make me more unhappy !

GLOSTER.

Now is the time, now lift thy soul to virtue !
Behold a crisis, sent by Heaven, to save thee.
Whate'er, my prince, can touch, or can command,
Can quicken or exalt the heart of man,

Now

Now speaks to thine—Thy children claim their father,
Nay, more than father, claim their double parent;
For such thy promise was to *Eleonora* :
Thy subjects claim their king, thy troops their chief:
The manes of thy ancestors consign
Their long descended glory to thy hands ;
And thy dejected country calls upon thee
To save her, raise her, to restore her honour,
To spread her sure dominion o'er the deep,
And bid her yet arise the scourge of *France*.
Angels themselves might envy thee the joy,
That waits thy will, of doing general good :
Of spreading virtue, chearing lonely worth ;
Of dashing down the proud ; of guarding arts,
The sacred rights of industry and freedom ;
Of making a whole generous people happy.
O *Edward* ! *Edward* ! the most piercing transports
Of the best love can never equal these !
And need I add—Thy *Eleonora*'s death
Calls out for vengeance—

EDWARD.

Ha !

GLOSTER.

If thou, indeed,
Dost honour thus her memory, then shew it,
Not by soft tears and womanish complaints,
But shew it like a man !—

EDWARD.

I will !

GLOSTER.

GLOSTER.

Yon towers !—

EDWARD.

'Tis true !

GLOSTER.

Yon guilty towers !—

EDWARD.

Insult us still !

GLOSTER.

The murderer of thy princess riots there !

EDWARD.

But shall not long !—Thou art my better genius,
Thou brave old man ! thou hast recall'd my virtue—
I was benumb'd with sorrow—what—or where—
I know not—never to have thought of this.
Bright Virtue, welcome ! vigour of the mind !
The flame from heaven that lights up higher being !
Thrice welcome ! with thy noble servant Anger,
And just Revenge—Hence, let us to the camp,
And there transfuse our soul into the troops.
This sultan's blood will ease my fever'd breast.
Yes, I will take such vengeance on this city,
That all mankind shall turn their eyes to *Jaffa* ;
And as they see her turrets sunk in dust,
Shall learn to dread the terrors of the just.

End of the Fourth Act.

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

SELIM.

O My *Daraxa*! thou hast charm'd my soul!
This reconciling interview has sooth'd
My troubled bosom into tender joy:
As when the Spring first, on the soften'd top
Of *Lebanon*, unbinds her lovely tresses,
And shakes her blooming sweets from *Carmel's* brow—
It only now remains to see the prince.—

SCENE II.

SELIM, THEALD.

THEALD.

I fought thee, worthy dervise.

SELIM.

Reverend Christian,
My toiling thoughts can find no fix'd repose,
'Till the wrong'd sultan's vindicated honour
Shine

Shine out as bright as yon unfully'd sky.
Conduct me to the prince—I claim that justice.—
It stings my conscious soul with sick impatience,
To think what *Selim* suffers. For a man,
Who loves the ways of truth and open virtue,
To lie beneath the burning imputation
Of baseness and of crimes—such horrid crimes!—
O 'tis a keen unsufferable torment!
Come, let me then discharge this other part
Of my commission.

THEALD.

That thou soon shalt do.

He strait will come this way, the king of *England*,
Such now he is. Mean time, 'tis fit to tell thee,
He must be manag'd gently; for his passions
Are all abroad, in wild confusion hurl'd:
The winds, the floods, and lightning mix together.
I need not say how little, in this uproar,
Avails the broken thwarted light of reason.

SELIM.

Fear not.—I trust in innocence, and truth.

THEALD.

He cannot long delay, for, as I enter'd,
I saw him parting from the hurried camp,
That lighten'd wide around him: burnish'd helms,
And glittering spears, and ardent thronging soldiers,
Demanding all the signal, when to storm
These walls devoted to their vengeance.—

SELIM.

SELIM.

Ha !

Then let us quickly find him—But he comes.

S C E N E III.

SELIM, THEALD, EDWARD, GLOSTER.

EDWARD.

Whence is it those barbarians, here again,
Those base, those murdering cowards, dare be seen ?
What new accurs'd attempt is now on foot ?
What new assassination ?—Start not, dervise,
Tinge not thy caitiff cheek with red'ning honour.
What thou !—Dost thou pretend to feel reproach ?
Are thou not of a shameless race of people,
Harden'd in arts of cruelty and blood,
Perfidious all ? Yes, have you not profan'd
The faith of nations, broke the holy tie
That binds the families of earth together,
That gives even foes to meet with generous trust,
And teaches war security ? Your prince,
Your prince has done it ! And you should hereafter
Be hunted from your dens like savage beasts,
Be crush'd like serpents !

THEALD.

Sir, this dervise comes,
To clear the sultan *Selim* from that crime,
Which

Which you, with strong appearance, charge upon him.

EDWARD.

Appearance, *Theald* ! with unquestion'd proof.
Doubtless the villain would be glad to change
The course by nature fix'd, enjoy his crimes
Without their evil—But he shall not scape me.

SELIM.

If, king of *England*, in this weighty matter,
On which depends the weal and life of thousands,
You love and seek the truth, let reason judge,
Cool, steady, quiet, and dispassion'd Reason.
For never yet, since the proud selfish race
Of men began to jar, did Passion give,
Nor ever can it give, a right decision.

EDWARD.

Reason has judg'd, and Passion shall chastise,
Shall make you howl, ye cowards of the *East* !
What can be clearer ? This vile prince of *Jaffa* !
This infamy of princes ! Sends a ruffian,
By his own hand and seal commission'd, sends him
To treat of peace : and, as I read his letters,
The villain stabs me—This, if this wants light,
There is no certainty in human reason ;
If this not shines with all-convincing truth,
Yon sun is dark—And yet these cowards come
With lying shifts, and low elusive arts—
O it inflames my anger into madness !
This added insult on our understanding,
This treacherous attempt to steal away

The

The only joy and treasure of my life,
Sweet sacred vengeance for my murder'd princess.

SELIM.

The curfed wretch who did affail thy life,
O king of *England*, was indeed an envoy
Sent by the prince of *Jaffa*. This we own:
But then he was an execrable bigot,
Who, for fuch horrid purpofes, had crept
Into the cheated fultan's court and fervice,
As by the traitor's papers we have learn'd.
For know, there lives, upon the craggy cliffs
Of wild *Phenician* mountains, a dire race,
A nation of affaffins. Dreadful zeal,
Fierce and intolerant of all religion
That differs from their own, is the black foul
Of that infernal ftate. Soon as their chief,
The old man (fo they ftyle him) of the mountains,
Gives out his baleful will, however fell,
However wicked and abhorr'd it be,
Tho' cloth'd in danger, the moft cruel death,
They, fwift and filent, glide thro' every land,
As fly the gloomy minifters of vengeance,
Famine and plague; they lie for years conceal'd,
Make light of oaths, nay, fometimes change religion,
And never fail to execute his orders.
Of thefe the villain was, thefe ruffian faints,
The curfe of earth, the terror of mankind:
And thy engagement, prince, in this crusado,
That was the reafon whence they fought thy life.

VOL. IV.

H

EDWARD.

EDWARD.

False, false as hell! the lye of guilty fear!
 You all are bigots, robbers, ruffians all!
 It is the very genius of your nation.
 Vindictive rage, the thirst of blood consumes you:
 You live by rapine, thence your empire rose;
 And your religion is a mere pretence
 To rob and murder in the name of heaven.

SELIM.

Be patient, prince, be more humane and just.
 You have your virtues, have your vices too;
 And we have ours. The liberal hand of Nature
 Has not created us, nor any nation,
 Beneath the blessed canopy of heaven,
 Of such malignant clay, but each may boast
 Their native virtues, and their Maker's bounty.
 You call us bigots.—O! canst thou with that
 Reproach us, Christian prince? What brought thee
 hither?

What else but bigotry? What dost thou here?
 What else but persecute?—the truth is great,
 Greater than thou, and I will give it way;
 Even thou thyself, in all thy rage, wilt hear it—
 From their remotest source, these holy wars
 What have they breath'd, but bigotry and rapine?
 Did not the first *Crusaders*, when their zeal
 Should have shone out the purest, did they not,
 Led by the frantic hermit who began
 The murderous trade, thro' their own countries spread
 The woes their vice could not reserve for ours?

Tho'

Tho' this exceeds the purport of my message ;
Yet must I thus insulted in my country,
Insulted in religion, bid thee think,
O king of *England*, on the different conduct
Of *Saracens* and *Christians*, when beneath
Your pious *Godfrey*, in the first crusado,
Jerusalem was sack'd, and when beneath
Our generous *Saladin* it was retaken—
O hideous scene ! my soul within me shrinks,
Abhorrent, from the view ! — Twelve thousand
wretches,

Receiv'd to mercy, void of all defence,
Trusting to plighted faith, to purchas'd safety,
Behold these naked wretches, in cold blood,
Men, women, children, murder'd, basely murder'd !
The holy temple which you came to rescue,
Regorges with the barbarous profanation.
The streets run dismal torrents. Drown'd in blood
The very foldier sickens at his carnage.
Couldst thou, O sun, behold the blasting fight,
And lift again thy sacred eye on mortals ?
A ruthless race ! Who can do this, can do it,
To please the general Father of mankind !
While nobler *Saladin*——

EDWARD.

Away ! be gone !

With thee, vile dervise, what have I to do !
I lose my hour of vengeance, I debase me,
To hold this talk with thee.

H 2

SELIM.

SELIM.

While truth and reason
 Speak from my tongue, vile dervise as I am,
 Yet am I greater than the highest monarch,
 Who, from blind fury, grows the slave of passion.
 Besides, I come to justify a prince,
 Howe'er in other qualities below thee,
 In love of goodness, truth, humanity,
 And honour, sir, thy equal;—yes, thy equal!—

EDWARD.

What? how? compare me with a damn'd assassin?
 A matchless villain!—Ha! presumptuous dervise!
 Thou gnaw'st thy quivering lip—A smother'd passion
 Shakes thro' thy frame.—What villainy is that
 Thou dar'st not utter?—Wert thou not a wretch,
 Protected by thy habit, this right hand,
 Should crush thee into atoms—Hence! away!
 Go tell thy master that I hold him base,
 Beyond the power of words to speak his baseness!
 A coward! an assassinating coward!
 And when I once have dragg'd him from his city,
 Which I will straitway do—I then will make him,
 In all the gall and bitterness of guilt,
 Grinding the vengeful steel betwixt his teeth,
 Will make the traitor own it.

SELIM, *discovering himself.*

Never!

EDWARD.

Ha!

SELIM.

SELIM.

Thou canst not, haughty monarch:—I am he !
I am this *Selim* ! this insulted *Selim* !
Yet clear as day, and will confound thy passion.

EDWARD.

Thou *Selim* !

SELIM.

I.

EDWARD.

Was ever guilt so bold ?

SELIM.

Did ever innocence descend to fear ?

EDWARD.

This bears some shew of honour. Wilt thou then
Decide it by the sword ?

SELIM.

I will do more——

EDWARD.

How more ?

SELIM.

Decide it by superior reason.

EDWARD.

No weak evasions !

SELIM.

If I not convince thee,
If by thyself I am not of this crime
Acquitted, then I grant thee thy demand.
Nay more, yon yielded city shall be thine :
For know, hot prince, I should disdain a throne,

H 3

I could

I could not fill with honour. Were I guilty,
I should not tremble at thy threatening voice;
No, 'tis myself I fear.

EDWARD.

What shall I think?

SELIM.

Hear but one witness, and I ask no more,
To clear my name. The witness is a woman.
Her looks are truth; fair uncorrupted faith
Beams from her eyes. Thou ne'er can doubt such
 beauty;
For 'tis th'expression of a spotless soul.

EDWARD.

Curse on thy mean luxurious eastern arts
Of cowardice? Thou would'st seduce my vengeance—
But I detest all beauty—Barbarous sultan!
Ah! thou hast murder'd beauty! thy fell crime—
Haste, *Gloster*, haste—in sight of camp and city,
Prepare the lists—Now show thyself a prince,
Or die in shameful tortures like a slave.

SELIM.

I came not hither or to dread thy wrath,
Or court thy mercy.

GLOSTER.

Sir, you cannot justly
Refuse him his demand. The fervent soul
Of undissembled innocence, methinks,
Is felt in what he says. First hear this person;
And if she gives not full conviction, then,

Have

Have then recourse to what should always be
The last appeal of reasonable beings,
Brute force.

EDWARD.

Well then, conduct her hither, sultan.—

[*Selim goes out.*]

Ah! my disorder'd mind! from thought to thought,
Uncertain, toss'd, the wreck of stormy passion!
This rage a while supports me; but I feel
It will desert me soon, and I again
Shall soon relapse to misery and weakness.
O *Eleonora*! little didst thou think,
How deeply wretched thy dire gift of life
Would make me!

SCENE IV.

EDWARD, GLOSTER, THEALD,

To them SELIM *conducting* ELEONORA, DARAXA.

SELIM.

Raise thy eyes, O king of *England*,
To the bright witness of my blameless honour,

EDWARD.

No; beauty shall no more engage my eyes,
It shall no more profane the shrine devoted

To

To the sweet image of my *Eleonora*!
Let her declare her knowledge in this matter.

ELEONORA.

Will not my *Edward* bless me with a look?

EDWARD.

What angel borrows *Eleonora's* voice!—
O thou pale shade of her I weep for ever!
Permit me thus to worship thee—Thou art!
Amazing heaven! Thou art my *Eleonora*!
My *Eleonora's* self! my dear, my true,
My living *Eleonora*!—What—to whom
Owe I this miracle? this better life?—
Oppressive joy!—owe I my *Eleonora*?

ELEONORA.

To him, that generous prince, who put his life,
His honour on the desperate risque to save me,
When in the arms of death—Depriv'd of voice,
Of motion, and of sense, benumb'd I lay,
My frighted train around me thought me dead,
And fill'd the tent with cries; my heart alone
Still feebly beat; but soon the poison's force
Had driv'n out life from that its last retreat,
If in the moment of approaching fate,
He, like my guardian angel, had not brought
An antidote of wond'rous power, by which
I am to light restor'd—to thee, my *Edward*!

EDWARD.

Did he, did he preserve thee! He, whom thus
I have with such inhuman pride insulted!

O blind,

O blind, O brutish, O injurious rage !
They, they are wise, who, when they feel thy madness,
Seal up their lips. And canst thou then forgive me,
Thou who hast o'er me gain'd that noblest triumph,
The triumph of humanity ?—Thou canst.
'Tis easier for the generous to forgive
Than for offence to ask it.

SELIM.

Use not, prince,
So harsh a word. More than forgive, I love
Thy noble heat, thy beautiful disorder.
O ! I'm too much a man, I feel myself
Too much the charming force of human passions,
E'er to pretend, with supercilious brow,
With proud affected virtue, to disdain them.

EDWARD.

How ? generous sultan, how shall I requite thee ?
Here—Take thy lov'd *Daraxa*, whom I meant
To have restor'd, when this misfortune happen'd ;
But secret-working Heaven ordain'd her stay,
To save us all.

SELIM.

Wert thou the lord of earth,
Thou could'st not give me more !—my dear *Daraxa* !

EDWARD.

Hence to the camp, my *Gloster*—Bid the soldiers
For sake the trenches—Let unbounded joy
Reign, fearless, o'er the mingled camp and city—
Go,

Go, tell my faithful soldiers, that their queen,
 My *Eleonora* lives ! A prize beyond
 The chance of war to give ! She lives to soften
 My too imperious temper, and to make them,
 To make my people happy !—O my soul !
 What love e'er equal'd thine ! O dearest ! best !
 Pride of thy sex ! inimitable goodness !
 Whenever woman henceforth shall be prais'd
 For conjugal affection, men will say,
 There shine the virtues of an *Eleonora* !
 Transporting blest ! How bountiful is Heaven !
 Depressing often, but to raise us more.
 Let never those despair who follow virtue.
 Love—gratitude—divide me—Once more, sultan,
 Forgive me, pardon my mistaken zeal,
 That left my country, cross'd the stormy seas,
 To war with thee, brave prince, to war with honour,
 Now that my passions give me leave to think ;
 The hand of heaven appears in what I suffer'd,
 My erring zeal has suffer'd by a zealot.

SELIM.

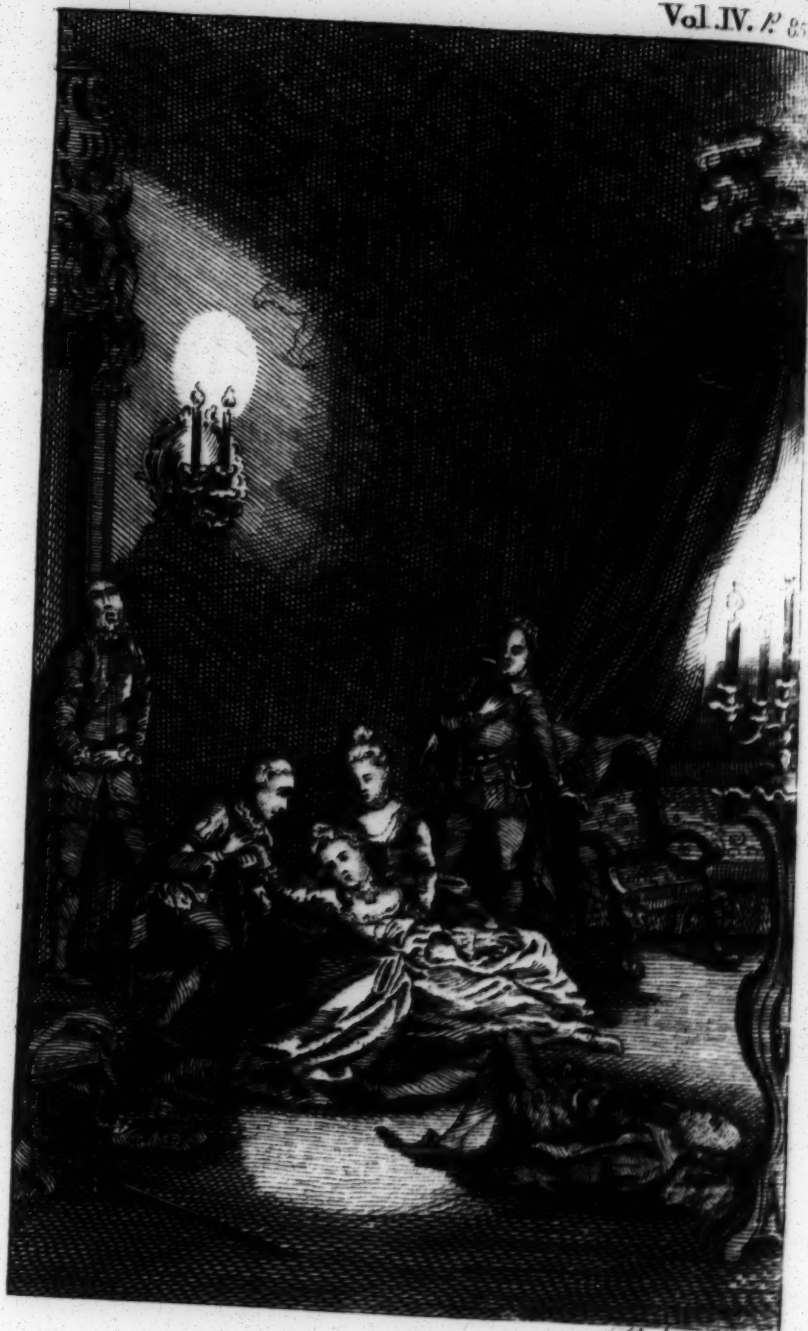
It does, O king. And, venerable Christian,
 I know thy moderation will excuse me.
 But since by ruling Wisdom (who unweigh'd,
 Unmeant, does nought) men are so various made,
 So various turn'd, that in opinions, they
 Must blindly think, or take a different way;

In

In spite of force, since judgment will be free ;
Then let us in this righteous mean agree :
Let holy rage, let persecution cease ;
Let the head argue, but the heart be peace ;
Let all mankind in love of what is right,
In virtue and humanity, unite.

End of the Fifth Act.

Tancred



Tancred and Sigismunda. *H. Gavin. del.*

Tancred and Sigismunda.

A

T R A G E D Y.

VOL. IV.

I

TO HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS
FREDERICK,
Prince of *Wales*.

S I R,

THE honour your ROYAL HIGHNESS has done me in the protection you was pleased to give to this tragedy, emboldens me to lay it now at your feet, and beg your permission to publish it under your royal patronage. The favouring and protecting of letters has been, in all ages and countries, one distinguishing mark of a great prince; and that with good reason, not only as it shews a justness of taste, and elevation of mind, but as the influence of such a

DEDICATION.

protection, by exciting good writers to labour with more emulation in the improvement of their several talents, not a little contributes to the embellishment and instruction of society. But of all the different species of writing, none has such an effect upon the lives and manners of men, as the dramatic; and therefore, that of all others most deserves the attention of princes; who, by a judicious approbation of such pieces as tend to promote all public and private virtue, may more than by any coercive methods secure the purity of the stage, and in consequence thereof greatly advance the morals and politeness of their people. How eminently YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS has always extended your favour and patronage to every art and science, and in a particular manner to dramatic performances, is too well known to the world for me to mention it here. Allow me only to wish, that what I have now the honour to offer to your ROYAL HIGHNESS, may be judged not unworthy of your protection, at least in the *Sentiments* which it inculcates. A
warm

DEDICATION.

warm and grateful sense of your goodness to me
makes me desirous to seize every occasion of de-
claring in public, with what profound respect
and dutiful attachment, I am,

S I R,

Your ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

most obliged,

most obedient, and

most devoted Servant,

JAMES THOMSON.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THIS play is considerably shortened in the performance; but I hope it will not be disagreeable to the reader to see it as it was at first written; there being a great difference betwixt a play in the closet, and upon the stage.

PROLOGUE.

BOLD is the man! who, in this nicer age,
Presumes to tread the chaste corrected stage.
Now, with gay tinsel arts, we can no more
Conceal the want of nature's sterling ore.
Our spells are vanish'd, broke our magic wand,
That us'd to waft you over sea and land.
Before your light the fairy people fade,
The demons fly—The ghost itself is laid.
In vain of martial scenes the loud alarms,
The mighty prompter thundering out to arms,
The playhouse posse clattering from afar,
The close-wedg'd battle, and the din of war.
Now, even the senate seldom we convene;
The yawning fathers nod behind the scene.
Your taste rejects the glittering false sublime,
To sigh in metaphor, and die in rhyme.
High rant is tumbled from his gallery throne:
Description, dreams—nay similies are gone.

What shall we then? to please you how devise
Whose judgment sits not in your ears and eyes?
Thrice happy! could we catch great Shakespear's art,
To trace the deep recesses of the heart;
His simple plain sublime, to which is given
To strike the soul with darted flame from heaven:
Could we awake soft Otway's tender woe,
The pomp of verse and golden lines of Rowe.

We to your hearts apply: let them attend;
Before their silent candid bar we bend.
If warm'd, they listen, 'tis our noblest praise;
If cold, they wither all the muse's bays.

Persons

Persons represented.

TANCRED, Count of <i>Leccè</i> ,	}	by	Mr <i>Garrick</i> .
MATTEO SIFFREDI, lord			Mr <i>Sheridan</i> .
high chancellor of <i>Sicily</i> ,			Mr <i>Delane</i> .
Earl OSMOND, lord high constable of <i>Sicily</i> ,			
RODOLPHO, friend to TANCRED, and captain of the guards,	}		Mr <i>Havard</i> .
SIGISMUNDA, daughter of SIFFREDI,			Mrs <i>Gibber</i> .
LAURA, sister of RODOLPHO, and friend to SIGISMUNDA,			Miss <i>Budget</i> .

BARONS, OFFICERS, GUARDS, &c.

S C E N E,

The City of *Palermo* in *Sicily*.

Tancred and Sigismunda.

A

T R A G E D Y.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SIGISMUNDA, LAURA.

SIGISMUNDA.

AH fatal day to *Sicily*! The king
Approaches his last moments.

LAURA.

So 'tis fear'd.

SIGISMUNDA.

The death of those distinguish'd by their station,
But by their virtue more, awakes the mind

To

To solemn dread, and strikes a saddening awe:
 Not that we grieve for them, but for ourselves,
 Left to the toil of life—And yet the best
 Are, by the playful children of this world,
 At once forgot, as they had never been.

Laura, 'tis said—the heart is sometimes charged
 With a prophetic sadness: Such, methinks,
 Now hangs on mine. The king's approaching death
 Suggests a thousand fears. What troubles thence
 May throw the state once more into confusion,
 What sudden changes in my father's house
 May rise, and part me from my dearest *Tancred*,
 Alarms my thought.

LAURA.

The fears of love-sick fancy!
 Perverfely busy to torment itself.
 But be assur'd, your father's steady friendship,
 Join'd to a certain genius, that commands,
 Not kneels to fortune, will support and cherish,
 Here in the public eye of *Sicily*,
 This—I may call him—his adopted son,
 The noble *Tancred*, form'd to all his virtues.

SIGISMUNDA.

Ah form'd to charm his daughter!—This fair morn
 Has tempted far the chace. Is he not yet
 Return'd?

LAURA.

No.—When your father to the king,
 Who now expiring lies, was call'd in haste,

He

He sent each way his messengers to find him ;
 With such a look of ardor and impatience,
 As if this near event was to Count *Tancred*
 Of more importance than I comprehend.

SIGISMUNDA.

There lies, my *Laura*, o'er my *Tancred's* birth
 A cloud I cannot pierce. With princely accost,
 Nay, with respect, which oft I have observ'd,
 Stealing at times submissive o'er his features,

In *Belmont's* woods my father rear'd this youth—
 Ah woods! where first my artless bosom learnt
 The sighs of love.—He gives him out the son
 Of an old friend, a baron of *Apulia*,
 Who in the late crusado bravely fell.
 But then 'tis strange; is all his family
 As well as father dead? and all their friends,
 Except my sire, the generous good *Siffredi*?
 Had he a mother, sister, brother left,
 The last remain of kindred; with what pride,
 What rapture, might they fly o'er earth and sea,
 To claim this rising honour of their blood!
 This bright unknown! this all-accomplish'd youth!
 Who charms—too much—the heart of *Sigismunda*!

Laura, perhaps your brother knows him better,
 The friend and partner of his freest hours.
 What says *Rodolpho*? Does he truly credit
 This story of his birth?

LAURA.

He has sometimes,

Like

Like you, his doubts ; yet, when maturely weigh'd,
Believes it true. As for lord *Tancred's* self,
He never entertain'd the slightest thought
That verg'd to doubt ; but oft laments his state,
By cruel fortune so ill-pair'd to yours.

SIGISMUNDA.

Merit like his, the fortune of the mind,
Beggars all wealth—Then to your brother, *Laura*,
He talks of me ?

LAURA.

Of nothing else. Howe'er
The talk begin, it ends with *Sigismunda*.
Their morning, noontide, and their evening walks
Are full of you ; and all the woods of *Belmont*
Inamour'd with your name—

SIGISMUNDA.

Away, my friend ;
You flatter—yet the dear delusion charms.

LAURA.

No, *Sigismunda*, 'tis the strictest truth,
Nor half the truth, I tell you Even with fondness
My brother talks for ever of the passion,
That fires young *Tancred's* breast. So much it strikes
him,

He praises love as if he were a lover.
He blames the false pursuits of vagrant youth,
Calls them gay folly, a mistaken struggle
Against best-judging Nature. Heaven, he says,
In lavish bounty form'd the heart for love ;

In

In love included all the finer seeds
Of honour, virtue, friendship, purest bliss——

SIGISMUNDA.

Virtuous *Rodolpho*!

LAURA.

Then his pleasing theme
He varies to the praises of your lover——

SIGISMUNDA.

And what, my *Laura*, says he on the subject?

LAURA.

He says that, tho' he were not nobly born,
Nature has form'd him noble, generous, brave,
Truly magnanimous, and warmly scorning
Whatever bears the smallest taint of baseness :
That every easy virtue is his own ;
Not learnt by painful labour, but inspir'd,
Implanted in his soul——Chiefly one charm
He in his graceful character observes ;
That tho' his passions burn with high impatience,
And sometimes, from a noble heat of nature,
Are ready to fly off ; yet the least check
Of ruling reason brings them back to temper,
And gentle softness.

SIGISMUNDA.

True ! O true, *Rodolpho* !

Blest be thy kindred worth for loving his !
He is all warmth, all amiable fire,
All quick heroic ardor ! temper'd soft
With gentleness of heart, and manly reason !

If virtue were to wear a human form,
 To light it with her dignity and flame,
 Then soft'ning mix her smiles and tender graces;
 O she would chuse the person of my *Tancred*!
 Go on, my friend, go on, and ever praise him;
 The subject knows no bounds, nor can I tire,
 While my breast trembles to that sweetest music!
 The heart of woman tastes no truer joy,
 Is never flatter'd with such dear enchantment—
 'Tis more than selfish vanity—as when
 She hears the praises of the man she loves——

LAURA.

Madam, your father comes.

SCENE II.

SIFFREDI, SIGISMUNDA, LAURA.

SIFFREDI.

[To an attendant as he enters.]

Lord *Tancred* then

Is found?

ATTENDANT.

My Lord, he quickly will be here
 I scarce could keep before him, tho' he bid me
 Speed on, to say he would attend your orders.

SIFFREDI.

Tis well—retire—You, too, my daughter, leave me.

SIGIS-

SIGISMUNDA.

I go, my father—But how fares the king?

SIFREDI.

He is no more. Gone to that awful state,
Where kings the crown wear only of their virtues.

SIGISMUNDA.

How bright must then be his!—This stroke is sudden;
He was this morning well, when to the chace
Lord *Tancred* went.

SIFREDI.

'Tis true. But at his years
Death gives short notice—Drooping nature then,
Without a gust of pain to shake it, falls.
His death, my daughter, was that happy period
Which few attain. The duties of his day
Were all discharg'd, and gratefully enjoy'd
Its noblest blessings; calm as evening skies,
Was his pure mind, and lighted up with hopes
That open heaven; when, for his last long sleep
Timely prepar'd, a lassitude of life,
A pleasing weariness of mortal joy,
Fell on his soul, and down he sunk to rest.
O may my death be such!—He but one wish
Left unfulfill'd, which was, to see Count *Tancred*—

SIGISMUNDA.

To see Count *Tancred*!—Pardon me, my lord—

SIFREDI.

For what, my daughter?—But, with such emotion,
Why did you start at mention of Count *Tancred*?

SIGISMUNDA.

Nothing—I only hop'd the dying king
Might mean to make some generous just provision
For this your worthy charge, this noble orphan.

SIFFREDI.

And he has done it largely—Leave me now—
I want some private conference with Lord *Tancred*.

S C E N E III.

SIFFREDI *alone*.

My doubts are but too true—If these old eyes
Can trace the marks of love, a mutual passion
Has seiz'd, I fear, my daughter and this prince,
My sovereign now—Should it be so? Ah there,
There lurks a brooding tempest, that may shake
My long-concerted scheme, to settle firm
The public peace and welfare, which the king
Has made the prudent basis of his will—
Away! unworthy views! you shall not tempt me!
Nor interest, nor ambition shall seduce
My fixt resolve—perish the selfish thought,
Which our own good prefers to that of millions!—
He comes—my king—unconscious of his fortune.

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

TANCRED, SIFFREDI.

TANCRED.

My Lord *Siffredi*, in your looks I read,
Confirm'd, the mournful news that fly abroad
From tongue to tongue—We then, at last, have lost
The good old king?

SIFFREDI.

Yes, we have lost a father!

The greatest blessing heaven bestows on mortals,
And seldom found amidst these wilds of time.
A good, a worthy king!—Hear me, my *Tancred*,
And I will tell thee, in a few plain words,
How he deserv'd that best, that glorious title.
'Tis nought complex, 'tis clear as truth and virtue.
He lov'd his people, deem'd them all his children;
The good exalted, and depress'd the bad.
He spurn'd the flattering crew, with scorn rejected
Their smooth advice that only means themselves,
Their schemes to aggrandize him into baseness:
Nor did he less disdain the secret breath,
The whisper'd tale, that blights a virtuous name.
He sought alone the good of those for whom
He was entrusted with the sovereign power:
Well knowing that a people in their rights
And industry protected; living safe

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Beneath

Beneath the sacred shelter of the laws,
 Encourag'd in their genius, arts, and labours,
 And happy each as he himself deserves,
 Are ne'er ungrateful. With unsparing hand
 They will for him provide: their filial love
 And confidence are his unfailing treasure,
 And every honest man his faithful guard.

TANCRED.

A general face of grief o'er spreads the city.
 I mark'd the people, as I hither came,
 In clouds assembled, struck with silent sorrow,
 And pouring forth the noblest praise of tears.
 Those, whom remembrance of their former woes,
 And long experience of the vain illusions
 Of youthful hope, had into wise consent
 And fear of change corrected, wrung their hands,
 And often casting up their eyes to heaven
 Gave sign of sad conjecture. Others shew'd,
 Athwart their grief, or real or affected,
 A gleam of expectation, from what chance
 And change might bring. A mingled murmur run
 Along the streets; and, from the lonely court
 Of him who can no more assist their fortunes,
 I saw the courtier-fry, with eager haste,
 All hurrying to *Constantia*.

SIFFREDI.

Noble youth!

I joy to hear from thee the just reflections,
 Worthy of riper years—But if they seek

Constantia,

Constantia, trust me, they mistake their course.

TANCRED.

How ! Is she not my lord the late king's sister,
Heir to the crown of *Sicily* ? the last
Of our fam'd *Norman* line, and now our queen ?

SIFFREDI.

Tancred, 'tis true ; she is the late king's sister,
The sole surviving offspring of that tyrant
William the Bad—so for his vices stil'd ;
Who spilt much noble blood, and fore oppress'd
Th' exhausted land : whence grievous wars arose,
And many a dire convulsion shook the state.
When he, whose death *Sicilia* mourns to-day,
William, who has and well deserv'd the name
Of *Good*, succeeding to his father's throne,
Reliev'd his country's woes—But to return—
She is the late king's sister, born some months
After the tyrant's death, but not next heir.

TANCRED.

You much surprise me—May I then presume
To ask who is ?

SIFFREDI.

Come nearer, noble *Tancred*,
Son of my care ! I must, on this occasion,
Consult thy generous heart ; which, when conducted
By rectitude of mind and honest virtues,
Gives better counsel than the hoary head—
Then know, there lives a prince, here in *Palermo*,
The lineal offspring of our famous hero,

Roger

Roger the First.

TANCRED.

Great heaven!—How far remov'd
From that our mighty founder?

SIFFREDI.

His great-grandson:
Sprung from his eldest son, who died untimely,
Before his father.

TANCRED.

Ha! the prince you mean
Is he not *Manfred's* son? The generous, brave,
Unhappy *Manfred*! whom the tyrant *William*,
You just now mention'd, not content to spoil
Of his paternal crown, threw into fetters,
And infamously murder'd.

SIFFREDI.

Yes—the same.

TANCRED.

By heavens! I joy to find our *Norman* reign,
The world's sole light amidst these barbarous ages!
Yet rears its head; and shall not, from the lance,
Pass to the feeble distaff—But this prince
Where has he lain conceal'd?

SIFFREDI.

The late good king,
By noble pity mov'd, contriv'd to save him
From his dire father's unrelenting rage,
And had him rear'd in private, as became
His birth and hopes, with high and princely nurture.

Till

Till now, too young to rule a troubled state,
By civil broils most miserably torn,
He in his safe retreat has lain conceal'd,
His birth and fortune to himself unknown ;
But when the dying king to me entrusted,
As to the chancellor of the realm, his will,
His successor he nam'd him.

TANCRED.

Happy youth !

He then will triumph o'er his father's foes,
O'er haughty *Osmond*, and the tyrant's daughter.

SIFFREDI.

Ay, that is what I dread—that heat of youth ;
There lurks, I fear, perdition to the state,
I dread the horrors of rekindled war :
Tho' dead, the tyrant still is to be fear'd ;
His daughter's party still is strong, and numerous :
Her friend, Earl *Osmond*, constable of *Sicily*,
Experienc'd, brave, high-born, of mighty interest.
Better the prince and princess should by marriage
Unite their friends, their interest, and their claims ;
Then will the peace and welfare of the land
On a firm basis rise.

TANCRED.

My lord *Siffredi*,

If by myself I of this prince may judge,
That scheme will scarce succeed—Your prudent age
In vain will counsel, if the heart forbid it—
But wherefore fear ? The right is clearly his ;

And,

And, under your direction, with each man
 Of worth, and stedfast loyalty, to back
 At once the king's appointment and his birthright,
 There is no ground to fear. They have great odds,
 Against the astonish'd sons of violence,
 Who fight with awful justice on their side.
 All *Sicily* will rouse, all faithful hearts
 Will range themselves around prince *Manfred's* son.
 For me, I here devote me to the service
 Of this young prince ; I every drop of blood
 Will lose with joy, with transport in his cause—
 Pardon my warmth—but that, my Lord, will never
 To this decision come—Then find the prince ;
 Lose not a moment to awake in him
 The royal soul. Perhaps he now desponding
 Pines in a corner, and laments his fortune ;
 That in the narrower bounds of private life
 He must confine his aims, those swelling virtues
 Which from his noble father he inherits.

SIFFREDI.

Perhaps, regardless, in the common bane
 Of youth he melts in vanity and love.
 But if the seeds of virtue glow within him,
 I will awake a higher sense, a love
 That grasps the loves and happiness of millions.

TANCRED.

Why that surmise ? Or should he love, *Siffredi*,
 I doubt not, it is nobly, which will raise
 And animate his virtues—O permit me

To

To plead the cause of youth—Their virtue oft,
In pleasure's soft enchantment lull'd a while,
Forgets itself ; it sleeps and gaily dreams,
Till great occasion rouze it : Then all flame,
It walks abroad, with heighten'd soul and vigour,
And by the change astonishes the world.
Even with a kind of sympathy, I feel
The joy that waits this prince ; when all the powers
Th' expanding heart can wish, of doing good ;
Whatever swells ambition, or exalts
The human soul into divine emotions,
All croud at once upon him.

SIFFREDI.

Ah, my *Tancred*,

Nothing so easy as in speculation,
And at a distance seen, the course of honour,
A fair delightful champain strew'd with flowers.
But when the practice comes ; when our fond passions,
Pleasure, and pride, and self-indulgence, throw
Their magic dust around, the prospect roughens :
Then dreadful passes, craggy mountains rise,
Cliffs to be scal'd, and torrents to be stem'd :
Then toil ensues, and perseverance stern ;
And endless combats with our grosser sense,
Oft lost, and oft renew'd ; and generous pain
For others felt ; and, harder lesson still !
Our honest bliss for others sacrific'd ;
And all the rugged task of virtue quails
The stoutest heart of common resolution.

Few

Few get above this turbid scene of strife,
 Few gain the summit, breathe that purest air,
 That heavenly ether, which untroubled sees
 The storm of vice and passion rage below.

TANCRED.

Most true, my lord. But why thus augur ill ?
 You seem to doubt this prince. I know him not.
 Yet oh, methinks, my heart could answer for him !
 The juncture is so high, so strong the gale
 That blows from heaven, as thro' the deadeſt ſoul
 Might breathe the godlike energy of virtue.

SIFFREDI.

Hear him, immortal ſhades of his great fathers !—
 Forgive me, fir, this trial of your heart :
 Thou ! Thou art he !

TANCRED.

Siffredi !

SIFFREDI.

Tancred, thou !

Thou art the man, of all the many thousands
 That toil upon the boſom of this iſle
 By heaven elected to command the reſt,
 To rule, protect them, and to make them happy !

TANCRED.

Manfred my father ! I the laſt ſupport
 Of the fam'd *Norman* line, that awes the world !
 I ! who this morning wander'd forth an orphan,
 Outcaſt of all but thee, my ſecond father !
 Thus call'd to glory ! to the firſt great lot

Of human-kind !—O wonder-working Hand
 That, in majestic silence, sways at will
 The mighty movements of unbounded nature ;
 O grant me, Heaven ! the virtues to sustain
 This awful burden of so many heroes !
 Let me not be exalted into shame,
 Set up the worthless pageant of vain grandeur.

Mean-time I thank the justice of the king,
 Who has my right bequeath'd me. Thee, *Siffredi*,
 I thank thee—O I ne'er enough can thank thee !
 Yes, thou hast been—thou art—thalt be my father !
 Thou shalt direct my unexperienc'd years,
 Shalt be the ruling head, and I the hand.

SIFFREDI.

It is enough for me—to see my sovereign
 Assert his virtues, and maintain his honour.

TANCRED.

I think, my lord, you said the king committed
 To you his will. I hope it is not clogg'd
 With any base conditions, any clause,
 To tyrannize my heart, and to *Constantia*
 Enslave my hand devoted to another.
 The hint you just now gave of that alliance,
 You must imagine, wakes my fear. But know,
 In this alone I will not bear dispute,
 Not even from thee, *Siffredi* !—Let the council
 Be strait assembled, and the will there open'd :
 Thence issue speedy orders to convene,
 This day ere noon, the senate : where those barons,

Vol. IV.

L

Who

Who now are in *Palermo*, will attend,
 To pay their ready homage to their king,
 Their rightful king, who claims his native crown,
 And will not be a king by deeds and parchments.

SIFFREDI.

I go, my liege. But once again permit me
 To tell you—Now, now, is the trying crisis,
 That must determine of your future reign.
 O with heroic rigour watch your heart !
 And to the sovereign duties of the king,
 Th' unequal'd pleasures of a God on earth,
 Submit the common joys, the common passions,
 Nay, even the virtues of the private man.

TANCRED.

Of that no more. They not oppose, but aid,
 Invigorate, cherish, and reward each other.
 The kind all-ruling Wisdom is no tyrant.

SCEN V.

TANCRED *alone*.

Now, generous *Sigismunda*, comes my turn
 To shew my love was not of thine unworthy,
 When fortune bade me blush to look to thee.
 But what is fortune to the wish of love ?

A miserable bankrupt ! O 'tis poor,

Tis scanty all, whate'er we can bestow !

The wealth of kings is wretchedness and want !—

Quick,

Quick, let me find her ! taste that highest joy,
Th' exalted heart can know, the mixt effusion
Of gratitude and love !—Behold, she comes !

SCENE VI.

TANCRED, SIGISMUNDA.

TANCRED.

My fluttering soul was all on wing to find thee,
My love ! my *Sigismunda* !

SIGISMUNDA.

O my *Tancred* !

Tell me, what means this mystery and gloom
That lowrs around ? Just now, involv'd in thought,
My father shot athwart me—You, my lord,
Seem strangely mov'd—I fear some dark event
From the king's death to trouble our repose,
That tender calm we in the woods of *Belmont*
So happily enjoy'd—Explain this hurry,
What means it ? Say.

TANCRED.

It means that we are happy !
Beyond our most romantic wishes happy !

SIGISMUNDA.

You but perplex me more.

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TANCRED.

TANCRED.

It means, my fairest !
That thou art queen of *Sicily* ; and I
The happiest of mankind ! than monarch more !
Because with thee I can adorn my throne,
Manfred, who fell by tyrant *William's* rage,
Fam'd *Roger's* lineal issue, was my father.

[*Pausing.*

You droop, my love ; dejected on a sudden ;
You seem to mourn my fortune—The soft tear
Springs in thy eye—O let me kiss it off——
Why this, my *Sigismunda* ?

SIGISMUNDA.

Royal *Tancred*;
None at your glorious fortune can like me
Rejoice ;—yet me alone, of all *Sicilians*,
It makes unhappy.

TANCRED.

I should hate it then !
Should throw with scorn the splendid ruin from me !—
No, *Sigismunda*, 'tis my hope with thee
To share it, whence it draws its richest value,

SIGISMUNDA.

You are my sovereign—I at humble distance——

TANCRED.

Thou art my queen ! the sovereign of my soul !
You never reign'd with such triumphant lustre,
Such winning charms as now ; yet, thou art still
The dear, the tender, generous *Sigismunda* !

Who.

Who, with a heart exalted far above
 Those selfish views that charm the common breast,
 Stoop'd from the height of life and courted beauty,
 Then, then, to love me, when I seem'd of fortune
 The hopeless outcast, when I had no friend,
 None to protect and own me but thy father.
 And wouldst thou claim all goodness to thyself?
 Canst thou thy *Tancred* deem so dully form'd,
 Of such gross clay, just as I reach the point—
 A point my wildest hopes could never image—
 In that great moment, full of every virtue,
 That I should then so mean a traitor prove
 To the best bliss and honour of mankind,
 So much disgrace the human heart, as then,
 For the dead form of flattery and pomp,
 The faithless joys of courts, to quit kind truth,
 The cordial sweets of friendship and of love,
 The life of life! my all, my *Sigismunda*!
 I could upbraid thy fears, call them unkind,
 Cruel, unjust, an outrage to my heart,
 Did they not spring from love.

SIGISMUNDA.

Think not, my lord,
 That to such vulgar doubts I can descend.
 Your heart, I know, disdains the little thought
 Of changing with the vain external change
 Of circumstance and fortune. Rather thence
 It would, with rising ardor, greatly feel
 A noble pride to shew itself the same.

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But,

But, ah ! the hearts of kings are not their own.
 There is a haughty duty that subjects them
 To chains of state, to wed the public welfare,
 And not indulge the tender private virtues.
 Some high descended princess, who will bring
 New power and interest to your throne, demands
 Your royal hand—perhaps *Constantia*—

TANCRED.

She !

O name her not ! Were I this moment free,
 And disengag'd as he who never felt
 The powerful eye of beauty, never sigh'd
 For matchless worth like thine, I should abhor
 All thoughts of that alliance. Her fell father
 Most basely murder'd mine ; and she, his daughter,
 Supported by his barbarous party still,
 His pride inherits, his imperious spirit,
 And insolent pretensions to my throne.
 And canst thou deem me then so poorly tame,
 So cool a traitor to my father's blood,
 As from the prudent cowardice of state
 E'er to submit to such a base proposal ?
 Detested thought ! O doubly, doubly hateful !
 From the two strongest passions ; from aversion,
 To this *Constantia*—and from love to thee.

Custom, 'tis true, a venerable tyrant,
 O'er servile man extends her blind dominion :
 The pride of kings enslaves them ; their ambition,
 Or interest, lords it o'er the better passions.

But

But vain their talk, mask'd under specious words
 Of station, duty, and of public good :
 They whom just heaven has to a throne exalted,
 To guard the rights and liberties of others,
 What duty binds them to betray their own ?
 For me, my free-born heart shall bear no dictates,
 But those of truth and honour ; wear no chains,
 But the dear chains of love and *Sigismunda* !
 Or if indeed my choice must be directed
 By views of public good, whom shall I chuse
 So fit to grace, to dignify a crown,
 And beam sweet mercy on a happy people,
 As thee, my love ? whom place upon my throne
 But thee, descended from the good *Siffrédi* !
 'Tis fit that heart be thine, which drew from him,
 Whete'er can make it worthy thy acceptance.

SIGISMUNDA.

Cease, cease, to raise my hopes above my duty.
 Charm me no more, my *Tancred* !—O that we
 In those blest woods, where first you won my soul,
 Had pass'd our gentle days : far from the toil
 And pomp of courts ! Such is the wish of love ;
 Of love, that, with delightful weakness, knows
 No bliss and no ambition but itself.
 But, in the world's full light, those charming dreams,
 Those fond illusions vanish. Awful duties,
 The tyranny of men, even your own heart,
 Where lurks a sense your passion stifles now,
 And proud imperious honour call you from me.

'Tis

'Tis all in vain—You cannot hush a voice
That murmurs here—I must not be persuaded !

TANCRED, *kneeling.*

Hear me, thou soul of all my hopes and wishes !
And witness, heaven! prime source of love and joy !
Not a whole warring world combin'd against me ;
Its pride, its splendor, its imposing forms,
Nor interest, nor ambition, nor the face
Of solemn state, not even thy father's wisdom,
Shall ever shake my faith to *Sigismunda* !

[Trumpets and acclamations heard.]

But, hark ! the public voice to duties calls me,
Which with unweary'd zeal I will discharge ;
And thou, yes thou, shalt be my bright reward—
Yet—ere I go—to hush thy lovely fears,
Thy delicate objections——*[writes his name.]*

Take this blank,

Sign'd with my name, and give it to thy father :
Tell him 'tis my command, it be fill'd up,
With a most strict and solemn marriage-contract.
How dear each tie ! how charming to my soul !
That more unites me to my *Sigismunda*.

For thee and for my people's good to live,
Is all the bliss which sovereign power can give.

End of the First Act.

A C T.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SIFREDI *alone.*

SO far 'tis well—The late king's will proceeds
Upon the plan I counsel'd ; that prince *Tancred*
Shall make *Constantia* partner of his throne.
O great, O wish'd event ! whence the dire seeds
Of dark intestine broils, of civil war,
And all its dreadful miseries and crimes,
Shall be for ever rooted from the land.
May these dim eyes, long blasted by the rage
Of cruel faction and my country's woes,
Tir'd with the toils and vanities of life,
Behold this period, then be clos'd in peace !

But how this mighty obstacle surmount,
Which love has thrown betwixt ? Love, that disturbs
The schemes of wisdom still ; that wing'd with
passion,

Blind and impetuous in its fond pursuits,
Leaves the gray-headed reason far behind.
Alas ! how frail the state of human bliss !
When even our honest passions oft destroy it.
I was to blame, in solitude and shades,

Infectious.

Infectious scenes ! to trust their youthful hearts.
Would I had mark'd the rising flame ! that now
Burns out with dangerous force—My daughter owns
Her passion for the king ; she trembling own'd it,
With prayers and tears and tender supplications,
That almost shook my firmness—And this blank,
Which his rash fondness gave her, shews how much,
To what a wild extravagance he loves—
I see no means—it foils my deepest thought—
How to controul this madness of the king,
That wears the face of virtue, and will thence
Disdain restraint, will from his generous heart
Borrow new rage, even speciously oppose
To reason reason—But it must be done.
My own advice, of which I more and more
Approve, the strict conditions of the will,
Highly demand his marriage with *Constantia* ;
Or else her party has a fair pretence —
And all, at once, is horror and confusion—
How issue from this maze ?—The crowding barons
Here summon'd to the palace, meet already,
To pay their homage, and confirm the will.
On a few moments hangs the public fate,
On a few hasty moments—Ha ! there shone
A gleam of hope—Yes—with this very paper
I yet will save him—Necessary means
For good and noble ends can ne'er be wrong.
In that resistless, that peculiar case,
Deceit is truth and virtue—But how hold

This

This lion in the toil?—O I will form it
Of such a fatal thread, twist it so strong
With all the ties of honour and of duty,
That his most desperate fury shall not break
The honest snare—Here is the royal hand—
I will beneath it write a perfect, full,
And absolute agreement to the will;
Which read before the nobles of the realm
Assembled, in the sacred face of *Sicily*,
Constantia present, every heart and eye
Fix'd on their monarch, every tongue applauding,
He must submit, his dream of love must vanish—
It shall be done!—To me, I know, 'tis ruin;
But safety to the public, to the king.
I will not reason more, I will not listen
Even to the voice of honour—No—'tis fix'd!
I here devote me for my prince and country;
Let them be safe, and let me nobly perish!
Behold Earl *Osmond* comes; without whose aid
My schemes are all in vain.

SCENE

SCENE II.

OSMOND, SIFFREDI.

OSMOND.

My Lord *Siffredi*,

I from the council hasten'd to *Constantia*,
 And have accomplish'd what we there propos'd.
 The princess to the will submits her claims.
 She with her presence means to grace the senate,
 And of your royal charge young *Tancred's* hand
 Accept. At first indeed, it shock'd her hopes
 Of reigning sole, this new surprizing scene
 Of *Manfred's* son, appointed by the king
 With her joint heir—But I so fully shew'd
 The justice of the case, the public good
 And sure establish'd peace which thence would rise,
 Join'd to the strong necessity that urg'd her,
 If on *Sicilia's* throne she meant to fit,
 As to the wise disposal of the will
 Her high ambition tam'd. Methought, besides,
 I could discern that not from prudence merely
 She to this choice submitted.

SIFFREDI.

Noble *Osmond*,

You have in this done to the public great
 And signal service. Yes, I must avow it;
 This frank and ready instance of your zeal,

In such a trying crisis of the state,
When interest and ambition might have warp'd
Your views ; I own, this truly generous virtue
Upbraids the rashness of my former judgment.

OSMOND.

Siffredi, no.—To you belongs the praise ;
The glorious work is yours. Had I not seiz'd,
Improv'd the wish'd occasion to root out
Division from the land, and save my country,
I had been base, been infamous for ever.
'Tis you, my lord, to whom the many thousands,
That by the barbarous sword of civil war
Had fallen inglorious, owe their lives : to you
The sons of this fair isle, from her first peers
Down to the swain who tills her golden plains,
Owe their safe homes, their soft domestic hours,
And thro' late time posterity shall bless you,
You who advis'd this will—I blush to think,
I have so long oppos'd the best good man
In *Sicily*——With what impartial care
Ought we to watch o'er prejudice and passion,
Nor trust too much the jaundic'd eye of party !
Henceforth its vain delusions I renounce,
Its hot determinations, that confine
All merit and all virtue to itself.
To yours I join my hand ; with you will own
No interest and no party but my country.
Nor is your friendship only my ambition :
There is a dearer name, the name of father,

By which I should rejoice to call *Siffredi*.
Your daughter's hand would to the public weal
Unite my private happiness.

SIFFREDI.

My lord,
You have my glad consent. To be allied
To your distinguish'd family, and merit,
I shall esteem an honour. From my soul
I here embrace Earl *Osmond* as my friend,
And son.

OSMOND.

You make him happy. This assent,
So frank and warm, to what I long have wish'd,
Engages all my gratitude; at once,
In the first blossom, it matures our friendship.
I from this moment vow myself the friend,
And zealous servant of *Siffredi's* house.

Enter an officer belonging to the court.

OFFICER to SIFFREDI.

The king, my lord, demands your speedy presence.

SIFFREDI.

I will attend him strait—Farewell, my lord:
The senate meets: there, a few moments hence,
I will rejoin you.

OSMOND.

There, my noble lord,
We will complete this salutary work,
Will there begin a new auspicious æra.

SCENE

SCENE III.

OSMOND *alone.*

Siffredi gives his daughter to my wishes—
But does she give herself ! Gay, young, and flatter'd,
Perhaps engag'd, will she her youthful heart
Yield to my harsher, uncomplying years ?
I am not form'd, by flattery and praise,
By sighs and tears, and all the whining trade
Of love, to feed a fair-one's vanity ;
To charm at once and spoil her. These soft arts
Nor suit my years nor temper ; these be left
To boys and doating age. A prudent father,
By nature charg'd to guide and rule her choice,
Religns his daughter to a husband's power,
Who with superior dignity, with reason,
And manly tenderness, will ever love her ;
Not first a kneeling slave, and then a tyrant.

SCENE IV.

OSMOND, BARONS.

OSMOND.

My lords, I greet you well. This wondrous day
Unites us all in amity and friendship.
We meet to-day with open hearts and looks,

M 2

Not

Not gloom'd by party, scouling on each other,
 But all the children of one happy isle,
 The social sons of liberty. No pride,
 No passion now, no thwarting views divide us :
 Prince *Manfred's* line, at last, to *William's* join'd,
 Combines us in one family of brothers.
 This to the late good king's well-order'd will,
 And wise *Siffredi's* generous care we owe.
 I truly give you joy. First of you all,
 I here renounce those errors and divisions
 That have so long disturb'd our peace, and seem'd,
 Fermenting still, to threaten new commotions—
 By time instructed let us not disdain
 To quit mistakes. We all, my lords, have err'd,
 Men may, I find, be honest, tho' they differ.

1st BARON.

Who follows not, my lord, the fair example.
 You set us all, whate'er be his pretence,
 Loves not with single and unbiass'd heart
 His country as he ought.

2d BARON.

O beauteous peace !
 Sweet union of a state ! What else, but thou,
 Gives safety, strength, and glory to a people !
 I bow, lord constable, beneath the snow
 Of many years ; yet in my breast revives
 A youthful flame. Methinks, I see again
 Those gentle days renew'd, that bless'd our isle,
 Ere by this wasteful fury of division,

Worse

Worse than our *Ætna's* most destructive fires,
 It desolated sunk. I see our plains
 Unbounded waving with the gifts of harvest;
 Our seas with commerce throng'd, our busy ports
 With chearful toil. Our *Enna* blooms afresh;
 Afresh the sweets of thymy *Hybla* flow.
 Our nymphs and shepherds, sporting in each vale,
 Inspire new song, and wake the pastoral reed—
 The tongue of age is fond—Come, come, my sons;
 I long to see this prince, of whom the world
 Speaks largely well—His father was my friend,
 The brave unhappy *Manfred*—Come, my lords;
 We tarry here too long.

SCENE V.

Two OFFICERS, *keeping off the croud.*

One of the croud.

Shew us our king,

The valiant *Manfred's* son, who lov'd the people—
 We must, we will behold him—Give us way.

1st OFFICER.

Pray, gentlemen, give back—it must not be—
 Give back, I pray—on such a glad occasion
 I would not ill entreat the lowest of you.

2d MAN *of the croud.*

Nay, give us but a glimpse of our young king.

M 3.

We 3

We more than any baron of them all
Will pay him true allegiance.

2d OFFICER.

Friends—indeed—

You cannot pass this way—We have strick orders,
To keep for him himself, and for the barons,
All these apartments clear—Go to the gate
That fronts the sea—You there will find admision.

ALL.

Long live king *Tancred*! *Manfred's* son—Huzza !

[*Croud goes off.*]

1st OFFICER.

I do not marvel at their rage of joy ;
He is a brave and amiable prince.
When in my Lord *Sifredi's* house I liv'd,
Ere by his favour I obtain'd this office,
I there remember well the young Count *Tancred*.
To see him and to love him were the same.
He was so noble in his ways, yet still
So affable and mild—Well, well, old *Sicily*,
Yet happy days await thee!

2d OFFICER.

Grant it heaven !

We have seen sad and troublous times enough.
He is, they say, to wed the late king's sister,
Constantia,

1st OFFICER.

Friend, of that I greatly doubt.
Or I mistake, or Lord *Siffredi's* daughter,

The

The gentle *Sigismunda* has his heart.
If one may judge by kindly cordial looks,
And fond assiduous care to please each other,
Most certainly they love——O be they blest,
As they deserve! It were great pity aught
Should part a matchless pair: the glory he,
And she the blooming grace of *Sicily*!

2d OFFICER.

My Lord *Rodolpho* comes...

SCENE VI.

RODOLPHO, *from the senate.*

RODOLPHO.

My honest friends,

You may retire.

[*Officers go out.*]

A storm is in the wind.

This Will perplexes all. No, *Tancred* never
Can stoop to these conditions, which at once
Attack his rights, his honour, and his love.
Those wise old men, those plodding grave statepedants,
Forget the course of youth; their crooked prudence,
To baseness verging still, forgets to take
Into their fine-spun schemes the generous heart,
That thro' the cobweb system bursting lays
Their labours waste—So will this business prove,
Or I mistake the king—back from the pomp

He—

He seem'd at first to shrink ; and round his brow
 I mark'd a gathering cloud, when by his side,
 As if design'd to share the public homage,
 He saw the tyrant's daughter. But confess'd,
 At least to me, the doubling tempest frown'd,
 And shook his swelling bosom, when he heard
 Th' unjust, the base conditions of the will.
 Uncertain, tost in cruel agitation,
 He oft, methought, address'd himself to speak
 And interrupt *Siffredi*; who appear'd,
 With conscious haste, to dread that interruption,
 And hurry'd on—But hark ! I hear a noise,
 As if th' assembly rose—Ha ! *Sigismunda*,
 Oppress'd with grief and wrapt in pensive sorrow,
 Passes along——

*Sigismunda and attendants pass through
 the back scene. Laura advances.*

SCENE VII.

RODOLPHO, LAURA.

LAURA.

Your high-prais'd friend, the king,
 Is false, most vilely false ! The meanest slave
 Had shewn a nobler heart ; nor grossly thus,
 By the first bait ambition spread, been gull'd.
 He *Manfred's* son ! away ! it cannot be !

The

The son of that brave prince could ne'er betray
 Those rights so long usurp'd from his great fathers,
 Which he, this day, by such amazing fortune,
 Had just regain'd; he ne'er could sacrifice
 All faith, all honour, gratitude, and love,
 Even just resentment of his father's fate,
 And pride itself; whate'er exalts a man
 Above the groveling sons of peasant-mud,
 All in a moment—And for what? why truly,
 For kind permission, gracious leave, to sit
 On his own throne with tyrant *William's* daughter!

RODOLPHO.

I stand amaz'd—You surely wrong him, *Laura*.
 There must be some mistake.

LAURA.

There can be none!

Siffredi read his full and free consent
 Before th' applauding senate. True indeed,
 A small remain of shame, a timorous weakness,
 Even dastardly in falsehood, made him blush
 To act this scene in *Sigismunda's* eye,
 Who sunk beneath his perfidy and baseness.
 Hence, till to-morrow he adjourn'd the senate—
 To-morrow fix'd with infamy to crown him!
 Then, leading off his gay triumphant princess,
 He left the poor unhappy *Sigismunda*,
 To bend her trembling steps to that sad home
 His faithless vows will render hateful to her—
 He comes—Farewell—I cannot bear his presence!

S C E N E

SCENE VIII.

TANCRED, SIFFREDI, RODOLPHO.

TANCRED *entering to SIFFREDI.*

Avoid me, hoary traitor !—Go, *Rodolpho*,
 Give orders that all passages this way
 Be shut.—Defend me from a hateful world,
 The bane of peace and honour—then return—

What! dost thou haunt me still? O monstrous insult
 Unparallel'd indignity! Just heaven!
 Was ever king, was ever man so treated?
 So trampled into baseness!

SIFFREDI.

Here, my liege,
 Here strike! I nor deserve, nor ask for mercy.

TANCRED.

Distraction!—O my soul—Hold, reason, hold
 Thy giddy seat—O this inhuman outrage
 Unhinges thought!

SIFFREDI.

Exterminate thy servant!

TANCRED.

All, all but this I could have borne—but this!
 This daring insolence beyond example!
 This murderous stroke that stabs my peace for ever!
 That wounds me there—there! where the human heart
 Most exquisitely feels—

SIFFREDI.

SIFREDI.

O bear it not,

My royal lord ! appease on me your vengeance !

TANCRED.

Did ever tyrant image aught so cruel !
The lowest slave that crawls upon the earth,
Robb'd of each comfort heaven bestows on mortals,
On the bare ground has still his virtue left,
The sacred treasures of an honest heart,
Which thou hast dar'd, with rash audacious hand,
And impious fraud, in me to violate——

SIFREDI.

Behold, my liege, that rash audacious hand,
Which not repents its crime—O glorious ! happy !
If by my ruin I can save your honour.

TANCRED.

Such honour I renounce ! with sovereign scorn
Greatly detest it, and its mean adviser !
Hast thou not dar'd beneath my name to shelter——
My name for other purposes design'd,
Given from the fondness of a faithful heart,
With the best love o'erflowing—hast thou not
Beneath thy sovereign's name basely presum'd
To shield a lie ? a lie ! in public utter'd,
To all deluded *Sicily* ? But know,
This poor contrivance is as weak as base.
In such a wretched toil none can be held
But fools and cowards—Soon thy flimsy arts,
Touch'd by my just, my burning indignation,

Shall

Shall burst like threads in flame !—Thy doating prudence

But more secures the purpose it would shake.
 Had my resolves been wavering and doubtful,
 This would confirm them, make them fix'd as fate ;
 This adds the only motive that was wanting
 To urge them on through war and desolation—
 What ! marry her ! *Constantia* ! Her ! the daughter
 Of the fell tyrant who destroy'd my father !
 The very thought is madness ! Ere thou seest
 The torch of *Hymen* light these hated nuptials,
 Thou shalt behold *Sicilia* wrapt in flames,
 Her cities raz'd, her valleys drench'd with slaughter—
 Love set aside—my pride assumes the quarrel.
 My honour now is up ; in spite of thee,
 A world combin'd against me, I will give
 This scatter'd Will in fragments to the winds,
 Assert my rights, the freedom of my heart,
 Crush all who dare oppose me to the dust,
 And heap perdition on thee !

SIFREDI.

Sir, 'tis just.

Exhaust on me your rage ; I claim it all.
 But for these public threats thy passion utters,
 'Tis what thou canst not do !

TANCRED.

I cannot ! ha !

Driven to the dreadful brink of such dishonour,
 Enough to make the tameest coward brave,

And

And into fierceness rouse the mildest nature,
What shall arrest my vengeance? who?

SIFFREDI.

Thy self!

TANCRED.

Away! dare not to justify thy crime!
That, that alone can aggravate its horror,
Add insolence to insolence—perhaps
May make my rage forget—

SIFFREDI.

O let it burst

On this gray head devoted to thy service!
But when the storm has vented all its fury,
Thou then must hear—nay more, I know, thou wilt—
Wilt hear the calm, yet stronger voice of reason.
Thou must reflect, that a whole people's safety,
The weal of trusted millions should bear down,
Thy self the judge, thy fondest partial pleasure.
Thou must reflect, that there are other duties,
A nobler pride, a more exalted honour,
Superior pleasures far, that will oblige,
Compel thee, to abide by this my deed,
Unwarranted perhaps in common justice,
But which necessity, even virtue's tyrant,
With awful voice commanded—Yes, thou must,
In calmer hours, divest thee of thy love,
These common passions of the vulgar breast,
This boiling heat of youth, and be a king!

VOL. IV.

N

The

The lover of thy people!

TANCRED.

Truths ill-employ'd!

Abus'd to colour guilt!—a king! a king!
 Yes, I will be a king, but not a slave!
 In this will be a king! in this my people
 Shall learn to judge how I will guard their rights,
 When they behold me vindicate my own.
 But have I, say, been treated like a king?—
 Heavens! could I stoop to such outrageous usage,
 I were a mean, a shameless wretch, unworthy
 To wield a sceptre in a land of slaves,
 A soil abhorr'd of virtue, should belie
 My father's blood, belie those very maxims,
 At other times, you taught my youth—*Siffredi!*

[In a soften'd tone of voice.]

SIFFREDI.

Behold, my prince, behold thy poor old servant,
 Whose darling care, these twenty years, has been
 To nurse thee up to virtue; who for thee,
 Thy glory and thy weal, renounces all,
 All interest or ambition can pour forth;
 What many a selfish father would pursue
 Thro' treachery and crimes: behold him here,
 Bent on his feeble knees, to beg, conjure thee,
 With tears to beg thee, to controul thy passion,
 And save thyself, thy honour, and thy people!
 Kneeling with me behold the many thousands

To

To thy protection trusted : Fathers, mothers,
 The sacred front of venerable age,
 The tender virgin and the helpless infant ;
 The ministers of heaven, those, who maintain,
 Around thy throne, the majesty of rule ;
 And those, whose labour, scorch'd by winds and sun,
 Feeds the rejoicing public : see them all,
 Here at thy feet, conjuring thee to save them,
 From misery and war, from crimes and rapine !
 Can there be aught, kind heaven ! in self-indulgence
 To weigh down these ? This aggregate of love,
 With which compar'd the dearest private passion
 Is but the wasted dust upon the balance ?
 Turn not away—Oh is there not some part,
 In thy great heart, so sensible to kindness,
 And generous warmth, some nobler part, to feel
 The prayers and tears of these, the mingled voice
 Of heaven and earth !

TANCRED.

There is ! and thou hast touch'd it.

Rise, rise, *Siffredi*—Oh ! thou hast undone me,
 Unkind old man !—O ill-entreated *Tancred* !
 Which way so'er I turn, dishonour rears
 Her hideous front—and misery and ruin !
 Was it for this you took such care to form me ?
 For this imbued me with the quickest sense
 Of shame ; these finer feelings, that ne'er vex
 The common mass of mortals, dully happy

N 2

In

In blest insensibility ? O rather [power
You should have fear'd my heart ; taught me that
And splendid interest lord it still o'er virtue ;
That, gilded by prosperity and pride,
There is no shame, no meanness : temper'd thus,
I had been fit to rule a venal world.
Alas ! what meant thy wantonness of prudence ?
Why have you rais'd this miserable conflict
Betwixt the duties of the king and man ?
Set virtue against virtue ?—Ah, *Siffredi* !
'Tis thy superfluous, thy unfeeling wisdom,
That has involv'd me in a maze of error,
Almost beyond retreat.—But hold, my soul,
Thy steady purpose—Toft by various passions,
To this eternal anchor keep—There is,
Can be no public without private virtue—
Then mark me well, observe what I command ;
It is the sole expedient now remaining—
To-morrow, when the senate meets again,
Unfold the whole, unravel the deceit ;
Nor that alone, try to repair its mischief ;
There all thy power, thy eloquence, and interest
Exert to reinstate me in my rights,
And from thy own dark snares to disembroil me—
Start not, my lord—This must and shall be done !!
Or here, our friendship ends—Howe'er disguis'd,
Whatever thy pretence, thou art a traitor.

SLEFFREDA.

SIFREDI.

I should indeed deserve the name of traitor,
And even a traitor's fate, had I so slightly,
From principles so weak, done what I did,
As e'er to disavow it——

TANCRED.

Ha !

SIFREDI.

My liege,

Expect not this—Tho' practis'd long in courts,
I have not so far learn'd their subtle trade,
To veer obedient with each gust of passion.
I honour thee, I venerate thy orders,
But honour more my duty. Nought on earth
Shall ever shake me from that solid rock,
Nor smiles, nor frowns.—

TANCRED.

You will not then ?

SIFREDI.

I cannot !!

TANCRED.

Away ! begone !—O my *Rodolpho*, come,
And save me from this traitor !—Hence, I say,
Avoid my presence strait ! and, know, old man,
Thou my worst foe beneath the mask of friendship,
Who, not content to trample in the dust
My dearest rights, dost with cool insolence
Persist, and call it duty ; hadst thou not

A daughter that protects thee, thou shouldst feel
The vengeance thou deservest—No reply!
Away!

S C E N E IX.

TANCRED, RODOLPHO.

RODOLPHO.

What can incense my prince so highly
Against his friend *Siffredi*?

TANCRED.

Friend! *Rodolpho*?

When I have told thee what this friend has done,
How play'd me like a boy, a base-born wretch,
Who had not heart and spirit! thou wilt stand
Amaz'd, and wonder at my stupid patience.

RODOLPHO.

I heard, with mixt astonishment and grief,
The king's unjust dishonourable will,
Void in itself—I saw you stung with rage,
And writhing in the snare; just as I went,
At your command, to wait you here—but that
Was the king's deed, not his.

TANCRED.

O he advis'd it!

These many years he has in secret hatch'd
This black contrivance, glories in the scheme,

And

And proudly plumes him with his traiterous virtue.
But that was nought, *Rodolpho*, nothing, nothing !
O that was gentle, blameless to what follow'd !
I had, my friend, to *Sigismunda* given,
To hush her fears, in the full gush of fondness,
A blank sign'd by my hand—and he—O heavens !
Was ever such a wild attempt !—he wrote
Beneath my name an absolute compliance
To this detested Will ; nay, dar'd to read it
Before myself, on my insulted throne
His idle pageant plac'd—O words are weak
To paint the pangs, the rage, the indignation,
That whirl'd from thought to thought my soul in
tempest,

Now on the point to burst, and now by shame
Reprefs'd—But in the face of *Sicily*,
All mad with acclamation, what, *Rodolpho*,
What could I do ? The sole relief that rose
To my distracted mind, was to adjourn
Th' assembly till to-morrow—But to-morrow
What can be done ?—O it avails not what !
I care not what is done—My only care
Is how to clear my faith to *Sigismunda*.
She thinks me false ! She cast a look that kill'd me !
O I am base in *Sigismunda's* eye !
The lowest of mankind, the most perfidious !

RODOLPHO.

This was a strain of insolence indeed,
A daring outrage of so strange a nature,
As stuns me quite——

TANCRED.

TANCRED:

Curs'd be my timid prudence !
 That dash'd not back, that moment in his face,
 The bold presumptuous lie—and curs'd this hand !
 That from a start of poor dissimulation,
 Led off my *Sigismunda's* hated rival.
 Ah then ! what poison'd by the false appearance,
 What, *Sigismunda*, were thy thoughts of me !
 How, in the silent bitterness of soul,
 How didst thou scorn me ! hate mankind, thyself,
 For trusting to the vows of faithless *Tancred* !
 For such I seem'd—I was !—The thought distracts me !
 I should have cast a flattering world aside,
 Rush'd from thy throne, before them all avow'd her,
 The choice, the glory of my free-born heart,
 And spurn'd the shameful fetters thrown upon it—
 Instead of that—confusion !——what I did
 Has clench'd the chain, confirm'd *Siffredi's* crime,
 And fix'd me down to infamy !

RODOLPHO,

My lord,

Blame not the conduct, which your situation
 Tore from your tortur'd heart—What could you do ?
 Had you, so circumstanc'd in open senate,
 Before th' astonish'd public, with no friends
 Prepar'd, no party form'd, affronted thus
 The haughty princess and her powerful faction,
 Supported by this Will, the sudden stroke,
 Abrupt and premature, might have recoil'd

Upon

Upon yourself, even your own friends revolted,
 And turn'd at once the public scale against you.
 Besides, consider, had you then detected
 In its fresh guilt this action of *Siffredi*,
 You must with signal vengeance have chastis'd
 The treasonable deed—Nothing so mean
 As weak insulted power that dares not punish.
 And how would that have suited with your love?
 His daughter present too? Trust me, your conduct,
 Howe'er abhorrent to a heart like yours,
 Was fortunate and wise—Not that I mean
 E'er to advise submission—

TANCRED.

Heavens! Submission!

Could I descend to bear it, even in thought,
 Despise me, you, the world, and *Sigismunda*!
 Submission!—No!—To-morrow's glorious light
 Shall flash discovery on the scene of baseness.
 Whatever be the risk, by heavens! to-morrow,
 I will o'erturn the dirty lie-built schemes
 Of these old men, and shew my faithful senate,
 That *Manfred's* son knows to assert and wear,
 With undiminish'd dignity, that crown
 This unexpected day has plac'd upon him.

But this, my friend, these stormy gusts of pride
 Are foreign to my love—Till *Sigismunda*
 Be disabus'd, my breast is tumult all,
 And can obey no settled course of reason.
 I see her still, I feel her powerful image,

That

That look, where with reproach complaint was mix'd,
 Big with soft wo and gentle indignation,
 Which seem'd at once to pity and to scorn me—
 O let me find her! I too long have left
 My *Sigismunda* to converse with tears,
 A prey to thoughts that picture me a villain.
 But ah! how, clogg'd with this accursed state,
 A tedious world, shall I now find access?
 Her father too—Ten thousand horrors croud
 Into the wild fantastic eye of love—
 Who knows what he may do? Come then, my friend,
 And by thy sister's hand O let me steal
 A letter to her bosom—I no longer
 Can bear her absence, by the just contempt
 She now must brand me with, inflam'd to madness.
 Fly, my *Rodolpho*, fly! engage thy sister
 To aid my letter, and this very evening
 Secure an interview—I would not bear
 This rack another day, not for my kingdom!
 Till then deep-plung'd in solitude and shades,
 I will not see the hated face of man.

Thought drives on thought, on passions passions
 roll;
 Her smiles alone can calm my raging soul.

End of the Second Act.

A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

SIGISMUNDA *alone, sitting in a disconsolate posture.*

A H tyrant prince! ah more than faithless *Tancred!*
Ungenerous and inhuman in thy falsehood!
Hadst thou, this morning, when my hopeless heart,
Submissive to my fortune and my duty,
Had so much spirit left, as to be willing
To give thee back thy vows, ah! hadst thou then
Confess'd the sad necessity thy state
Impos'd upon thee, and with gentle friendship,
Since we must part at last, our parting soften'd;
I should indeed—I should have been unhappy,
But not to this extreme—Amidst my grief,
I had, with pensive pleasure, cherish'd still
The sweet remembrance of thy former love,
Thy image still had dwelt upon my soul,
And made our guiltless woes not undelightful.
But coolly thus—How couldst thou be so cruel?
Thus to revive my hopes, to soothe my love
And call forth all its tenderness, then sink me
In black despair—What unrelenting pride

Possess'd

Possess'd thy breast, that thou couldst bear unmov'd
 To see me bent beneath a weight of shame ?
 Pangs thou canst never feel ? How couldst thou drag me
 In barbarous triumph at a rival's car ?
 How make me witness to a sight of horror ?
 That hand, which, but a few short hours ago,
 So wantonly abus'd my simple faith,
 Before th' attesting world given to another,
 Irrevocably given — There was a time,
 When the least cloud that hung upon my brow,
 Perhaps imagin'd only, touch'd thy pity.
 Then, brighten'd often by the ready tear,
 Thy looks were softness all ; then the quick heart,
 In every nerve alive, forgot itself,
 And for each other then we felt alone.
 But now, alas ! those tender days are fled ;
 Now thou canst seeme wretched, pierc'd with anguish,
 With studied anguish of thy own creating,
 Nor wet thy harden'd eye—Hold, let me think—
 I wrong thee sure ; thou canst not be so base,
 As meanly in my misery to triumph—
 What is it then ?—Why should I search for pain ?—
 O 'tis as bad !—'Tis fickleness of nature,
 'Tis sickly love extinguish'd by ambition—
 Is there, kind heaven ! no constancy in man ?
 No stedfast truth, no generous fix'd affection,
 That can bear up against a selfish world ?
 No, there is none—Even *Tancred* is inconstant !

[*Rising.*
 Hence !

Hence! let me fly this scene!—Whate'er I see,
These roofs, these walls, each object that surrounds me,
Are tainted with his vows—But whither fly?
The groves are worse, the soft retreat of *Belmont*,
Its deepening glooms, gay lawns, and airy summits,
Will wound my busy memory to torture,
And all its shades will whisper—faithless *Tancred*!—
My father comes—How, sunk in this disorder,
Shall I sustain his presence?

SCENE II.

SIFFREDI, SIGISMUNDA.

SIFFREDI.

Sigismunda,

My dearest child! I grieve to find thee thus
A prey to tears. I know the powerful cause
From which they flow, and therefore can excuse them,
But not their wilful obstinate continuance.
Come, rouse thee then, call up thy drooping spirit,
Come, wake to reason from this dream of love,
And shew the world thou art *Siffredi's* daughter.

SIGISMUNDA.

Alas! I am unworthy of that name.

SIFFREDI.

Thou art indeed to blame; thou hast too rashly

VOL. IV.

O

Engag'd

Engag'd thy heart, without a father's sanction.
But this I can forgive. The king has virtues,
That plead thy full excuse; nor was I void
Of blame, to trust thee to those dangerous virtues.
Then dread not my reproaches. Tho' he blames,
Thy tender father pities more than blames thee.
Thou art my daughter still; and, if thy heart
Will now resume its pride, assert itself,
And greatly rise superior to this trial,
I to my warmest confidence again
Will take thee, and esteem thee more my daughter.

SIGISMUNDA.

O you are gentler far than I deserve!
It is, it ever was, my darling pride,
To bend my soul to your supreme commands,
Your wisest will; and tho' by love betray'd—
Alas! and punish'd too—I have transgress'd
The nicest bounds of duty, yet I feel
A sentiment of tenderness, a source
Of filial nature springing in my breast,
That, should it kill me, shall controul this passion,
And make me all submission and obedience
To you, my honoured Lord, the best of fathers.

SIFFREDI.

Come to my arms, thou comfort of my age!
Thou only joy and hope of these gray hairs!
Come! let me take thee to a parent's heart;
There with the kindly aid of my advice,
Even with the dew of these paternal tears,

Revive

Revive and nourish this becoming spirit——
Then thou dost promise me, my *Sigismunda*——
Thy father stoops to make it his request——
Thou wilt resign thy fond presumptuous hopes,
And henceforth never more indulge one thought
That in the light of love regards the king ?

SIGISMUNDA.

Hopes I have none !—Those by this fatal day
Are blasted all—But from my soul to banish
While weeping memory there retains her seat,
Thoughts which the purest bosom might have cherish'd,
Once my delight, now even in anguish charming,
Is more, alas ! my lord, than I can promise.

SIFFREDI.

Absence and time, the softener of our passions,
Will conquer this. Mean-time, I hope from thee
A generous great effort ; that thou wilt now
Exert thy utmost force, nor languish thus
Beneath the vain extravagance of love.
Let not thy father blush to hear it said,
His daughter was so weak, e'er to admit
A thought so void of reason, that a king
Should to his rank, his honour, and his glory,
The high important duties of a throne,
Even to his throne itself, madly prefer
A wild romantic passion, the fond child
Of youthful dreaming thought and vacant hours ;
That he should quit his heaven-appointed station,
Desert his awful charge, the care of all

O 2

The

The toiling millions which this isle contains ;
 Nay more, should plunge them into war and ruin :
 And all to sooth a sick imagination,
 A miserable weakness—Must for thee,
 To make thee blest, *Sicilia* be unhappy ?
 The king himself, lost to the nobler sense
 Of manly praise, become the piteous hero
 Of some soft tale, and rush on sure destruction ?
 Canst thou, my daughter, let the monstrous thought
 Possess one moment thy perverted fancy ?
 Rouse thee, for shame ! and if a spark of virtue
 Lies slumbering in thy soul, bid it blaze forth ;
 Nor sink unequal to the glorious lesson
 This day thy lover gave thee from his throne.

SIGISMUNDA.

Ah ! that was not from virtue !—Had, my father,
 That been his aim, I yield to what you say ;
 'Tis powerful truth, unanswerable reason.
 Then, then, with sad but dutious resignation,
 I had submitted as became your daughter ;
 But in that moment, when my humbled hopes
 Were to my duty reconcil'd, to raise them
 To yet a fonder height than e'er they knew,
 Then rudely dash them down—There is the sting !
 The blasting view is ever present to me—
 Why did you drag me to a fight so cruel ?

SIFFREDI.

It was a scene to fire thy emulation.

SIGIS-

SIGISMUNDA.

It was a scene of perfidy !—But know,
I will do more than imitate the king—
For he is false !—I, tho' sincerely pierc'd
With the best, truest passion, ever touch'd
A virgin's breast, here vow to heaven and you,
'Tho' from my heart I cannot, from my hopes
To cast this prince—What would you more, my father?

SIFFREDI.

Yes, one thing more—thy father then is happy—
Tho' by the voice of innocence and virtue
Absolv'd, we live not to ourselves alone :
A rigorous world, with peremptory sway,
Subjects us all, and even the noblest most.
This world from thee, my honour, and thy own,
Demands one step ; a step, by which convinc'd
The king may see thy heart disdains to wear
A chain which his has greatly thrown aside.
'Tis fitting too, thy sex's pride commands thee,
To shew th' approving world thou canst resign,
As well as he, nor with inferior spirit,
A passion fatal to the public weal.
But, above all, thou must root out for ever
From the king's breast the least remain of hope,
And henceforth make his mentioned love dishonour.
These things, my daughter, that must needs be done,
Can but this way be done—by the safe refuge,
The sacred shelter of a husband's arms.
And there is one—

SIGISMUNDA.

Good heavens ! what means my lord ?

SIFFREDI.

One of illustrious family, high rank,
 Yet still of higher dignity and merit,
 Who can and will protect thee ; one to awe
 The king himself—Nay, hear me, *Sigismunda*—
 The noble *Osmond* courts thee for his bride,
 And has my plighted word—This day—

SIGISMUNDA *kneeling*.

My father !

Let me with trembling arms embrace thy knees !
 O if you ever wish to see me happy ;
 If e'er in infant years I gave you joy,
 When, as I prattling twin'd around your neck,
 You snatch'd me to your bosom, kiss'd my eyes,
 And melting said, you saw my mother there ;
 O save me from that worst severity
 Of fate ! O outrage not my breaking heart
 To that degree !—I cannot !—'tis impossible !—
 So soon withdraw it, give it to another—
 Hear me, my dearest father ! hear the voice
 Of nature and humanity, that plead
 As well as justice for me !—Not to chuse
 Without your wise direction may be duty ;
 But still my choice is free—That is a right,
 Which even the lowest slave can never lose.
 And would you thus degrade me ? make me base ?
 For such it were, to give my worthless person

Without

Without my heart, an injury to *Osmond*,
 The highest can be done—Let me, my lord—
 Or I shall die, shall by the sudden change
 Be to distraction shock'd—Let me wear out
 My hapless days in solitude and silence,
 Far from the malice of a prying world!
 At least—you cannot sure refuse me this—
 Give me a little time—I will do all,
 All I can do, to please you!—O your eye
 Sheds a kind beam—

SIFFREDI.

My daughter! you abuse

The softness of my nature—

SIGISMUNDA.

Here, my father,

Till you relent, here will I grow for ever!

SIFFREDI.

Rise, *Sigismunda*.—Though you touch my heart,
 Nothing can shake th' inexorable dictates
 Of honour, duty, and determin'd reason.
 Then by the holy ties of filial love,
 Resolve, I charge thee, to receive Earl *Osmond*,
 As suits the man who is thy father's choice,
 And worthy of thy hand—I go to bring him—

SIGISMUNDA.

Spare me, my dearest father!

SIFFREDI *aside*.

I must rush

From her soft grasp, or nature will betray me!

O grant

O grant us, heaven! that fortitude of mind,
Which listens to our duty, not our passions—
Quit me, my child!

SIGISMUNDA.

You cannot, O my father!
You cannot leave me thus!

SIFFREDI.

Come hither, *Laura*,
Come to thy friend. Now shew thyself a friend.
Combate her weakness; dissipate her tears;
Cherish, and reconcile her to her duty.

SCENE III.

SIGISMUNDA, LAURA.

SIGISMUNDA.

O wo on wo! distressed by love and duty!
O every way unhappy *Sigismunda*!

LAURA.

Forgive me, Madam, if I blame your grief.
How can you waste your tears on one so false?
Unworthy of your tenderness? to whom
Nought but contempt is due and indignation?

SIGISMUNDA.

You know not half the horrors of my fate!
I might perhaps have learn'd to scorn his falsehood:
Nay, when the first sad burst of tears was past,

I might

I might have rous'd my pride and scorn'd himself—
 But 'tis too much, this greatest last misfortune—
 O whither shall I fly? Where hide me, *Laura*,
 From the dire scene my father now prepares!

LAURA.

What thus alarms you, madam?

SIGISMUNDA.

Can it be?

Can I——ah no!——at once give to another
 My violated heart? in one wild moment?
 He brings Earl *Osmond* to receive my vows!
 O dreadful change! for *Tancred* haughty *Osmond*!

LAURA.

Now, on my soul, 'tis what an outrag'd heart
 Like yours, should wish!—I should, by heavens, e-
 steem it

Most exquisite revenge!

SIGISMUNDA.

Revenge on whom?

On my own heart, already but too wretched!

LAURA.

On him! this *Tancred*! who has basely fold,
 For the dull form of despicable grandeur,
 His faith, his love!—At once a slave and tyrant!

SIGISMUNDA.

O rail at me, at my believing folly,
 My vain ill-founded hopes, but spare him, *Laura*!

LAURA.

Who rais'd these hopes? who triumphs o'er that
 weakness?

Pardon

Pardon the word—You greatly merit him ;
 Better than him, with all his giddy pomp !
 You rais'd him by your smiles when he was nothing !
 Where is your woman's pride ; that guardian spirit
 Given us to dash the perfidy of man ?
 Ye powers ! I cannot bear the thought with patience—
 Yet recent from the most unsparing vows
 The tongue of love e'er lavish'd ; from your hopes
 So vainly, idly, cruelly deluded ;
 Before the public thus, before your father,
 By an irrevocable solemn deed,
 With such inhuman scorn, to throw you from him !
 To give his faithless hand, yet warm from thine,
 With complicated meanness, to *Constantia* !
 And to complete his crime, when thy weak limbs
 Could scarce support thee, then, of thee regardless,
 To lead her off !

SIGISMUNDA.

That was indeed a sight
 To poison love ! to turn it into rage
 And keen contempt !—What means this stupid weakness
 That hangs upon me ? Hence unworthy tears !
 Disgrace my cheek no more ! No more, my heart,
 For one so coolly false or meanly fickle—
 O it imports not which—dare to suggest
 The least excuse !—Yes, traitor, I will wring
 Thy pride, will turn thy triumph to confusion !
 I will not pine away my days for thee,

Sighing

Sighing to brooks and groves ; while, with vain pity,
You in a rival's arms lament my fate—

No ! let me perish ! ere I tamely be
That soft, that patient, gentle *Sigismunda*,
Who can console her with the wretched boast,
She was for thee unhappy !—If I am,
I will be nobly so !—*Sicilia's* daughters
Shall wondering see in me a great example
Of one who punish'd an ill-judging heart,
Who made it bow to what it most abhor'd !
Crush'd it to misery ! for having thus
So lightly listen'd to a worthless lover ?

LAURA.

At last it mounts ! the kindling pride of virtue !
Trust me, thy marriage will embitter his ——

SIGISMUNDA.

O may the furies light his nuptial torch !
Be it accurs'd as mine ! for the fair peace,
The tender joys of hymeneal love,
May jealousy awak'd, and fell remorse,
Pour all their fiercest venom thro' his breast !——
Where the fates lead, and blind revenge, I follow !——
Let me not think—By injur'd love ! I vow,
Thou shalt, base prince ! perfidious and inhuman !
Thou shalt behold me in another's arms !
In his thou hatest ! *Osmund's* !

LAURA.

That will grind
His heart with secret rage ! Aye, that will sting
His

His soul to madness ! set him up a terror,
 A spectacle of wo to faithless lovers !—
 Your cooler thought, besides, will of the change
 Approve, and think it happy. Noble *Osmond*
 From the same stock with him derives his birth,
 First of *Sicilian* barons, prudent, brave,
 Of strictest honour, and by all rever'd—

SIGISMUNDA.

Talk not of *Osmond*, but perfidious *Tancred* !
 Rail at him, rail ! invent new names of scorn !
 Assist me, *Laura* ; lend my rage fresh fuel ;
 Support my staggering purpose, which already
 Begins to fail me—Ah, my vaunts how vain !
 How have I ly'd to my own heart !—Alas !
 My tears return, the mighty flood o'erwhelms me !
 Ten thousand crouding images distract
 My tortur'd thought—And is it come to this ?
 Our hopes ? our vows ? our oft repeated wishes,
 Breath'd from the fervent soul, and full of heaven,
 To make each other happy ?—come to this !

LAURA.

If thy own peace and honour cannot keep
 Thy resolution fix'd, yet, *Sigismunda*,
 O think, how deeply, how beyond retreat,
 Thy father is engag'd.

SIGISMUNDA.

Ah wretched weakness !
 That thus enthrals my soul, that chafes thence
 Each nobler thought, the sense of every duty !—

And

And have I then no tears for thee, my father ?
Can I forget thy cares, from helpless years,
Thy tenderness for me ? an eye still beam'd
With love ? a brow that never knew a frown ?
Nor a harsh word thy tongue ? Shall I for these
Repay thy stooping venerable age,
With shame, disquiet, anguish, and dishonour ?
It must not be !—Thou first of angels ! come,
Sweet filial piety ! and firm my breast !
Yes, let one daughter to her fate submit,
Be nobly wretched—but her father happy !——
Laura !—they come !—O heavens ! I cannot stand
The horrid trial !—Open, open, earth !
And hide me from their view !

LAURA.

Madam !

SCENE IV.

SIFFREDI, OSMOND, SIGISMUNDA, LAURA.

SIFFREDI.

My daughter,
Behold my noble friend who courts thy hand,
And whom to call my son I shall be proud ;
Nor shall I less be pleas'd in his alliance,
To see thee happy.

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OSMOND.

OSMOND.

Think not, I presume,
Madam, on this your father's kind consent,
To make me blest. I love you from a heart,
That seeks your good superior to my own;
And will, by every art of tender friendship,
Consult your dearest welfare. May I hope,
Yours does not disavow your father's choice?

SIGISMUNDA.

I am a daughter, sir—and have no power
O'er my own heart—I die—Support me, *Laura*.
[Faints.]

SIFFREDI.

Help—Bear her off—She breathes—my daughter!—

SIGISMUNDA.

Oh!—

Forgive my weakness—soft—my *Laura*, lead me—
To my apartment.

SIFFREDI.

Pardon me, my lord,
If by this sudden accident alarm'd,
I leave you for a moment.

SCENE

SCENE V.

OSMOND, *alone.*

Let me think——

What can this mean?——Is it to me aversion?

Or is it, as I fear'd, she loves another?

Ha!—yes—perhaps the king, the young Count *Tancred!*

They were bred up together——Surely that,

That cannot be—has he not given his hand,

In the most solemn manner, to *Constantia*?

Does not his crown depend upon the deed?

No—if they lov'd, and this old statesman knew it,

He could not to a king prefer a subject.

His virtues I esteem—nay more, I trust them——

So far as virtue goes—but could he place

His daughter on the throne of *Sicily*——

O 'tis a glorious bribe, too much for man!——

What is it then?—I care not what it be.

My honour now, my dignity demands,

That my propos'd alliance, by her father,

And even herself accepted, be not scorn'd.

I love her too—I never knew till now

To what a pitch I lov'd her. O she shot

Ten thousand charms into my inmost soul!

She look'd so mild, so amiably gentle,

She bow'd her head, she glow'd with such confusion,

Such loveliness of modesty! She is,

In gracious mind, in manners, and in person,

The perfect model of all female beauty!—
She must be mine—She is!—If yet her heart
Consents not to my happiness, her duty,
Join'd to my tender cares, will gain so much
Upon her generous nature—That will follow.

The man of sense, who acts a prudent part,
Not flattering steals, but forms himself the heart.

End of the Third Act.

ACT

 ACT IV. SCENE I.

The garden belonging to SIFFREDI's house.

SIGISMUNDA, LAURA.

SIGISMUNDA, *with a letter in her hand.*

'TIS done!—I am a slave!—The fatal vow
Has pass'd my lips!—Methought in those sad
moments,

The tombs around, the faints, the darken'd altar,
And all the trembling shrines with horror shook.

But here is still new matter of distress.

O *Tancred*, cease to persecute me more!

O grudge me not some calmer state of woe!

Some quiet gloom to shade my hopeless days,

Where I may never hear of love and thee!—

Has *Laura* too conspir'd against my peace?

Why did you take this letter?—bear it back—

[Giving her the letter.]

I will not court new pain.

LAURA.

Madam, *Rodolpho*

P 3

Urg'd

Urg'd me so much, nay, even with tears conjur'd me,
 But this once more to serve th' unhappy king—
 For such he said he was—that tho' enrag'd,
 Equal with thee, at his inhuman falsehood,
 I could not to my brother's fervent prayers
 Refuse this office—Read it—His excuses
 Will only more expose his falsehood.

SIGISMUNDA.

No.

It suits not *Osmond's* wife to read one line
 From that contagious hand—she knows too well!

LAURA.

He paints him out distress'd beyond expression,
 Even on the point of madness. Wild as winds,
 And fighting seas, he raves. His passions mix,
 With ceaseless rage, all in each giddy moment.
 He dies to see you and to clear his faith.

SIGISMUNDA.

Save me from that!—That would be worse than all!

LAURA.

I but report my brother's words; who then
 Began to talk of some dark imposition,
 That had deceiv'd us all: when, interrupted,
 We heard your father and Earl *Osmond* near,
 As summon'd to *Constantia's* court they went.

SIGISMUNDA.

Ha! imposition?—Well! If I am doom'd
 To be, o'er all my sex, the wretch of love,
 In vain I would resist—Give me the letter —

To

To know the worst is some relief—Alas !
It was not thus, with such dire palpitations,
That, *Tancred*, once I us'd to read thy letters.

[*Attempting to read the letter, but gives it to Laura.*
Ah fond remembrance blinds me !—Read it, *Laura*.

LAURA reads.

Deliver me, Sigismunda. from that most exquisite misery which a faithful heart can suffer—To be thought base by her, from whose esteem even virtue borrows new charms. When I submitted to my cruel situation, it was not falsehood you beheld, but an excess of love. Rather than endanger that, I for a while gave up my honour. Every moment till I see you stabs me with severer pangs than real guilt itself can feel. Let me then conjure you to meet me in the garden, towards the close of the day, when I will explain this mystery. We have been most inhumanly abused ; and that by the means of the very paper which I gave you, from the warmest sincerity of love, to assure to you the heart and hand of

Tancred.

SIGISMUNDA.

There, *Laura*, there, the dreadful secret sprung !
That paper ! ah that paper ! it suggests
A thousand horrid thoughts—I to my father
Gave it ; and he perhaps—I dare not cast
A look that way—If yet indeed you love me,
O blast me not, kind *Tancred*, with the truth !
O pitying keep me ignorant for ever !
What strange peculiar misery is mine ?

Reduc'd

Reduc'd to wish the man I love were false?
 Why was I hurry'd to a step so rash?
 Repairless wo!—I might have waited, sure,
 A few short hours—No duty that forbade—
 I ow'd thy love that justice; till this day
 Thy love an image of all-perfect goodness!
 A beam from heaven that glow'd with every virtue!
 And have I thrown this prize of life away?
 The piteous wreck of one distracted moment?
 Ah the cold prudence of remorseless age!
 Ah parents, traitors to your children's bliss!
 Ah curs'd, ah blind revenge!—On every hand
 I was betray'd—You, *Laura*, too, betray'd me!—

LAURA.

Who, who, but he, whate'er he writes, betray'd you?
 Or false or pusillanimous. For once,
 I will with you suppose, that his agreement
 To the king's will was forg'd—Tho' forg'd, by whom?
 Your father scorns the crime—Yet what avails it?
 This, if it clears his truth, condemns his spirit.
 A youthful king, by love and honour fir'd,
 Patient to sit on his insulted throne,
 And let an outrage of so high a nature,
 Unpunish'd pass, uncheck'd, uncontradicted—
 O 'tis a meanness equal even to falsehood:

SIGISMUNDA.

Laura, no more—We have already judg'd
 Too largely without knowlege. Oft, what seems
 A trifle, a meer nothing, by itself,

In

In some nice situations, turns the scale
Of fate, and rules the most important actions.
Yes, I begin to feel a sad presage :
I am undone, from that eternal source
Of human woes—The judgment of the passions.
But what have I to do with these excuses ?
O cease, my treacherous heart, to give them room !
It suits not thee to plead a lover's cause ;
Even to lament my fate is now dishonour.
Nought now remains, but with relentless purpose,
To shun all interviews, all clearing up
Of this dark scene ! to wrap myself in gloom,
In solitude and shades ; there to devour
The silent sorrows ever swelling here ;
And since I must be wretched—for I must——
To claim the mighty misery myself,
Engross it all, and spare a hapless father.
Hence, let me fly !—the hour approaches——

LAURA.

Madam,

Behold he comes—the king—

SIGISMUNDA.

Heavens ! how escape ?

No—I will stay—This one last meeting—Leave me.

SCENE

SCENE II.

TANCRED, SIGISMUNDA.

TANCRED.

And are these long long hours of torture past ?
My life ! my *Sigismunda* !

[Throwing himself at her feet.

SIGISMUNDA.

Rise, my Lord.

To see my sovereign thus no more becomes me.

TANCRED.

O let me kiss the ground on which you tread !
Let me exhale my soul in softest transport !
Since I again embrace my *Sigismunda* !

[Rising.

Unkind ! how couldst thou ever deem me false ?
How thus dishonour love ?—O I could much
Embitter my complaint !—How low were then
Thy thoughts of me ? How didst thou then affront
The human heart itself ? After the vows,
The fervent truth, the tender protestations,
Which mine has often pour'd, to let thy breast,
Whate'er th' appearance was, admit suspicion ?

SIGISMUNDA.

How ! when I heard myself your full consent
To the late king's so just and prudent will ?
Heard it before you read, in solemn senate ?

When

When I beheld you give your royal hand,
To her, whose birth and dignity of right,
Demands that high alliance? Yes, my lord,
You have done well. The man whom heaven appoints
To govern others, should himself first learn
To bend his passions to the sway of reason.
In all you have done well; but when you bid
My humbled hopes look up to you again,
And sooth'd with wanton cruelty my weakness—
That too was well—My vanity deserv'd
The sharp rebuke, whose fond extravagance
Could ever dream to balance your repose,
Your glory, and the welfare of a people.

TANCRED.

Chide on, chide on. Thy soft reproaches now
Instead of wounding, only sooth my fondness.
No, no, thou charming consort of my soul!
I never lov'd thee with such faithful ardor,
As in that cruel miserable moment
You thought me false; when even my honour stoop'd
To wear for thee a baffled face of baseness.
It was thy barbarous father, *Sigismunda*,
Who caught me in the toil. He turn'd that paper,
Meant for th' assuring bond of nuptial love,
To ruin it for ever; he, he wrote
That forg'd consent, you heard, beneath my name,
Nay, dar'd before my out-rag'd throne to read it!
Had he not been thy father—Ha! my love!
You tremble, you grow pale.

SIGIS.

SIGISMUNDA.

Oh leave me, *Tancred!*

TANCRED.

No!—Leave thee?—Never! never! till you set
My heart at peace, till these dear lips again
Pronounce thee mine! Without thee I renounce
My self, my friends, the world—Here on this hand—

SIGISMUNDA.

My lord, forget that hand, which never now
Can be to thine united——

TANCRED.

Sigismunda!

What dost thou mean? Thy words, thy looks, thy
manner,

Seem to conceal some horrid secret—heavens!—

No—That was wild—Distraction fires the thought!—

SIGISMUNDA.

Inquire no more——I never can be thine.

TANCRED.

What, who shall interpose? who dares attempt
To brave the fury of an injur'd king?

Who, ere he sees thee ravish'd from his hopes,
Will wrap all blazing *Sicily* in flames—

SIGISMUNDA.

In vain your power, my lord—This fatal error,
Join'd to my father's unrelenting will,
Has plac'd an everlasting bar betwixt us—
I am— Earl *Osmond's*—Wife.

TAN-

TANCRED.

Earl *Osmond*'s wife!—

[*After a long pause, during which they look at one another with the highest agitation and most tender distress.*]

Heavens! did I hear thee right? what! marry'd?
marry'd!

Lost to thy faithful *Tancred*! lost for ever!
Couldst thou then doom me to such matchless wo,
Without so much as hearing me?—Distraction!—
Alas! what hast thou done? Ah *Sigismunda*!—
Thy rash credulity has done a deed,
Which of two happiest lovers—that e'er felt
The blissful power, has made two finish'd wretches!
But—Madness!—Sure, thou knowst it cannot be!
This hand is mine! a thousand thousand vows—

S C E N E III.

TANCRED, OSMOND, SIGISMUNDA.

OSMOND.

[*Snatching her hand from the king.*]

Madam, this hand, by the most solemn rites,
A little hour ago, was given to me,
And did not sovereign honour now command me,
Never but with my life to quit my claim,
I would renounce it—thus!

VOL. IV.

Q

TANCRED.

TANCRED.

Ha ! who art thou ?

Presumptuous man !

SIGISMUNDA, *aside*.

Where is my father ? heavens !

[*Goes out.*]

OSMOND.

One thou shouldst better know—Yes—view me—one !
 Who can and will maintain his rights and honour,
 Against a faithless prince, an upstart king,
 Whose first base deed is what a harden'd tyrant
 Would blush to act.

TANCRED.

Insolent *Osmond* ! know,

This upstart king will hurl confusion on thee,
 And all who shall invade his sacred rights,
 Prior to thine—Thine founded on compulsion,
 On infamous deceit, while his proceed
 From mutual love and free long-plighted faith.
 She is, and shall be mine !—I will annul,
 By the high power with which the laws invest me,
 Those guilty forms in which you have entrap'd,
 Basely entrap'd, to thy detested nuptials,
 My queen betroth'd ; who has my heart, my hand,
 And shall partake my throne—If, haughty lord,
 If this thou didst not know, then know it now !
 And know besides, as I have told thee this,
 Shouldst thou but think to urge thy treason further—
 Than treason more ! Treason against my love !—

Thy

Thy life shall answer for it !

OSMOND.

Ha ! my life !—

It moves my scorn to hear thy empty threats.
When was it that a *Norman* baron's life
Became so vile, as on the frown of kings
To hang ?—Of that, my lord, the law must judge ;
Or, if the law be weak, my guardian sword—

TANCRED.

Dare not to touch it, traitor ! lest my rage
Break loose, and do a deed that misbecomes me.

SCENE IV.

TANCRED, OSMOND, SIFFREDI.

SIFFREDI *entering*.

My gracious lord ! what is it I behold !
My sovereign in contention with his subjects ?
Surely this house deserves from royal *Tancred*
A little more regard, than to be made
A scene of trouble and unseemly jars.
It grieves my soul, it baffles every hope,
It makes me sick of life, to see thy glory
Thus blasted in the bud—Heavens ! can your highness
From your exalted character descend,
The dignity of virtue ; and, instead
Of being the protector of our rights,

Q²

The

The holy guardian of domestic bliss,
 Unkindly thus disturb the sweet repose,
 The secret peace of families, for which
 Alone the freeborn race of man to laws
 And government submitted ?

TANCRED.

My Lord Siffredi,

Spare thy rebuke. The duties of my station
 Are not to me unknown—But thou, old man,
 Dost thou not blush to talk of rights invaded ?
 And of our best our dearest bliss disturb'd ?
 Thou ! who with more than barbarous perfidy
 Hast trampled all allegiance, justice, truth,
 Humanity itself, beneath thy feet ?
 'Thou know'st thou hast—I could, to thy confusion,
 Return thy hard reproaches ; but I spare thee
 Before this lord, for whose ill-sorted friendship
 'Thou hast most basely sacrific'd thy daughter.
 Farewell, my lord !—For thee, lord constable,
 Who dost presume to lift thy surly eye
 To my soft love, my gentle *Sigismunda*,
 I once again command thee, on thy life——
 Yes—chew thy rage—but mark me—on thy life,
 No further urge thy arrogant pretensions !

SCENE

SCENE V.

SIFFREDI, OSMOND.

OSMOND.

Ha ! arrogant pretensions ! heaven and earth !
What ! arrogant pretensions to my wife ?
My wedded wife ! Where are we ? In a land
Of civil rule, of liberty and laws ?——
Not on my life pursue them ?—Giddy prince !
My life disdains thy nod. It is the gift
Of parent heaven, who gave me too an arm,
A spirit to defend it against tyrants.
The *Norman* race, the sons of mighty *Rollo*,
Who rushing in a tempest from the north,
Great nurse of generous freemen ! bravely won
With their own swords their seats, and still possess them
By the same noble tenure, are not us'd
To hear such language—If I now desist,
Then brand me for a coward ! deem me villain !
A traitor to the public ! By this conduct
Deceiv'd, betray'd, insulted, tyranniz'd.
Mine is a common cause. My arm shall guard,
Mix'd with my own, the rights of each *Sicilian*,
Of social life, and of mankind in general.
Ere to thy tyrant rage they fall a prey,
I shall find means to shake thy tottering throne,
Which this illegal, this perfidious usage

Q 3

Forfeits

Forfeits at once, and crush thee in the ruins !—
Constantia is my queen !

SIFFREDI.

Lord constable,

Let us be stedfast in the right ; but let us
 Act with cool prudence, and with manly temper,
 As well as manly firmness. True, I own,
 Th' indignities you suffer are so high,
 As might even justify what now you threaten.
 But if, my lord, we can prevent the woes,
 The cruel horrors of intestine war,
 Yet hold untouch'd our liberties and laws ;
 O let us, rais'd above the turbid sphere
 Of little selfish passions, nobly do it !
 Nor to our hot intemperate pride pour out
 A dire libation of *Sicilian* blood.
 'Tis godlike magnanimity, to keep,
 When most provok'd, our reason calm and clear,
 And execute her will, from a strong sense
 Of what is right, without the vulgar aid
 Of heat and passion, which, tho' honest, bear us
 Often too far. Remember that my house
 Protects my daughter still ; and ere I saw her
 Thus ravish'd from us, by the arm of power,
 This hand should act the *Roman* father's part.
 Fear not ; be temperate ; all will yet be well.
 I know the king. At first his passions burst
 Quick as the lightning's flash : but in his breast

Honour

Honour and justice dwell—Trust me, to reason
He will return.

OSMOND.

He will !—By heavens, he shall !—
You know the king—I wish, my Lord *Siffredi*,
That you had deign'd to tell me all you knew—
And would you have me wait, with duteous patience,
Till he return to reason ? Ye just powers !
When he has planted on our necks his foot,
And trod us into slaves ; when his vain pride
Is cloy'd with our submission ; if, at last,
He finds his arm too weak to shake the frame
Of wide-establiſh'd order out of joint,
And overturn all justice ; then, perchance,
He, in a fit of sickly kind repentance,
May make a merit to return to reason
No, no, my lord !—There is a nobler way,
To teach the blind oppressive *Fury* reason :
Oft has the lustre of avenging steel
Unseal'd her stupid eyes—The sword is reason !

SCENE

SCENE VI.

SIFFREDI, OSMOND, RODOLPHO, *with
guards.*

RODOLPHO.

My lord high constable of *Sicily*,
In the king's name, and by his special order,
I here arrest you prisoner of state.

OSMOND.

What king? I know no king of *Sicily*—
Unless he be the husband of *Constantia*.

RODOLPHO.

Then know him now—Behold his royal orders
To bear you to the castle of *Palermo*.

SIFFREDI.

Let the big torrent foam its madness off.
Submit, my lord—No castle long can hold
Our wrongs—This, more than friendship or alliance,
Confirms me thine; this binds me to thy fortunes,
By the strong tie of common injury,
Which nothing can dissolve—I grieve, *Rodolpho*,
To see the reign, in such unhappy sort,
Begin.

OSMOND.

The reign! the usurpation call it!
This meteor king may blaze a while, but soon
Must spend his idle terrors—Sir, lead on——

Farewell,

Farewel, my lord——More than my life and fortune,
Remember well, is in your hands——my honour !

SIFFREDI.

Our honour is the same. My son, farewel——
We shall not long be parted. On these eyes
Sleep shall not shed his balm, till I behold thee
Restor'd to freedom, or partake thy bonds.

Even noble courage is not void of blame,
Till nobler patience sanctifies its flame.

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

SIFREDI, *alone.*

THE prospect lows around. I found the king,
Tho' calm'd a little, with subsiding tempest,
As suits his generous nature, yet in love
Abated nought, most ardent in his purpose ;
Inexorably fix'd, whate'er the risk,
To claim my daughter, and dissolve this marriage—
I have embark'd, upon a perilous sea,
A mighty treasure. Here the rapid youth,
Th' impetuous passions of a lover-king
Check my bold course ; and there, the jealous pride,
Th' impatient honour of a haughty lord
Of the first rank, in interest and dependents
Near equal to the king, forbid retreat.
My honour too, the same unchang'd conviction,
That these my measures were, and still remain
Of absolute necessity, to save
The land from civil fury, urge me on.
But how proceed ?—I only faster rush
Upon the desperate evils I would shun.

What

Whate'er the motive be, deceit, I fear,
And harsh unnatural force are not the means
Of public welfare or of private bliss—
Bear witness, Heaven ! Thou mind-inspecting eye !
My breast is pure. I have prefer'd my duty,
The good and safety of my fellow-subjects,
To all those views that fire the selfish race
Of men, and mix them in eternal broils.

Enter an Officer belonging to SIFFREDI.

OFFICER.

My lord, a man of noble port, his face
Wrap'd in disguise, is earnest for admission.

SIFFREDI.

Go, bid him enter— *[Officer goes out.]*

Ha ! wrap'd in disguise !

And at this late unseasonable hour !
When o'er the world tremendous midnight reigns,
By the dire gloom of raging tempest doubled—

SCENE II.

SIFFREDI, OSMOND *discovering himself.*

SIFFREDI.

What ! ha ! Earl *Osmond*, you ?—Welcome, once more,
To this glad roof !—But why in this disguise !
Would I could hope the king exceeds his promise !

I have

I have his faith soon as to-morrow's sun
 Shall gild *Sicilia's* cliffs, you shall be free.—
 Has some good angel turn'd his heart to justice ?

OSMOND.

It is not by the favour of Count *Tancred*
 That I am here. As much I scorn his favour,
 As I defy his tyranny and threats——
 Our friend *Goffredo*, who commands the castle,
 On my parole, e'er dawn, to render back
 My person, has permitted me this freedom.
 Know then ; the faithless outrage of to-day,
 By him committed whom you call the king,
 Has rous'd *Constantia's* court. Our friends, the friends
 Of virtue, justice, and of public faith,
 Ripe for revolt, are in high ferment all.
 This, this, they say, exceeds whate'er deform'd
 The miserable days we saw beneath
William the Bad. This saps the solid base,
 At once, of government and private life ;
 This shameless imposition on the faith,
 The majesty of senates, this lewd insult,
 This violation of the rights of men.
 Added to these, his ignominious treatment
 Of her th' illustrious offspring of our kings,
Sicilia's hope, and now our royal mistress.
 You know, my lord, how grossly these infringe
 The late king's will ; which orders, if Count *Tancred*
 Make not *Constantia* partner of his throne,
 That he be quite excluded the succession,

And

And she to *Henry* given, king of the *Romans*,
 The potent emperor *Barbarossa's* son,
 Who seeks with earnest instance her alliance.
 I thence of you, as guardian of the laws,
 As guardian of this Will to you entrusted,
 Desire, nay more, demand your instant aid,
 To see it put in vigorous execution.

SIFREDI.

You cannot doubt, my lord, of my concurrence.
 Who more than I have labour'd this great point ?
 'Tis my own plan. And, if I drop it now,
 I should be justly branded with the shame
 Of rash advice, or despicable weakness.
 But let us not precipitate the matter.
Constantia's friends are numerous and strong ;
 Yet *Tancred's*, trust me, are of equal force.
 E'er since the secret of his birth was known,
 The people all are in a tumult hurl'd
 Of boundless joy, to hear there lives a prince
 Of mighty *Guiscard's* line. Numbers, besides,
 Of powerful barons, who at heart had pin'd,
 To see the reign of their renown'd forefathers,
 Won by immortal deeds of matchless valour,
 Pass from the gallant *Normans* to the *Suevi*,
 Will, with a kind of rage, espouse his cause—
 'Tis so, my lord,—be not by passion blinded—
 'Tis surely so—O if our prating virtue
 Dwells not in words alone—O let us join,
 My generous *Osmond*, to avert these woes,

And yet sustain our tottering *Norman* kingdom !

OSMOND.

But how, *Siffredi* ? how ?—If by soft means
We can maintain our rights, and save our country,
May his unnatural blood first stain the sword,
Who with unpitying fury first shall draw it !

SIFFREDI.

I have a thought—The glorious work be thine.
But it requires an awful flight of virtue,
Above the passions of the vulgar breast,
And thence from thee I hope it, noble *Osmond*—
Suppose my daughter, to her God devoted,
Where plac'd within some convent's sacred verge,
Beneath the dread protection of the altar—

OSMOND.

Ere then, by heavens ! I would devoutly shave
My holy scalp, turn whining monk myself,
And pray incessant for the tyrant's safety !—
What ! How ! because an insolent invader,
A sacrilegious tyrant, in contempt
Of all those noblest rights, which to maintain
Is man's peculiar pride, demands my wife ;
That I shall thus betray the common cause
Of human kind, and tamely yield her up,
Even in the manner you propose—O then
I were supremely vile ! degraded ! sham'd !
The scorn of manhood ! and abhorr'd of honour !

SIFFREDI.

There is, my lord, an honour, the calm child

Of

Of reason, of humanity, and mercy,
Superior far to this punctilious demon,
That singly minds itself, and oft embroils
With proud barbarian niceties the world !

OSMOND.

My lord, my lord!—I cannot brook your prudence—
It holds a pulse unequal to my blood——
Unblemish'd honour is the flower of virtue !
The vivifying soul ! and he who flights it
Will leave the other dull and lifeless dross.

SIFFREDI.

No more——You are too warm.

OSMOND.

You are too cool.

SIFFREDI.

Too cool, my lord ? I were indeed too cool,
Not to resent this language, and to tell thee——
I wish Earl *Osmond* were as cool as I
To his own selfish bliss—ay, and as warm
To that of others—But of this no more——
My daughter is thy wife—I gave her to thee,
And will, against all force, maintain her thine.
But think not I will catch thy headlong passions,
Whirl'd in a blaze of madness o'er the land ;
Or, till the last extremity compel me,
Risk the dire means of war—The king to-morrow
Will set you free ; and, if by gentle means
He does not yield my daughter to your arms,
And wed *Constantia*, as the will requires,

R 2

Why

Why then expect me on the side of justice——
Let that suffice.

OSMOND.

It does—Forgive my heat.
My rankled mind, by injuries inflam'd,
May be too prompt to take and give offence.

SIFFREDI.

'Tis pass'd—Your wrongs, I own, may well transport
The wisest mind—But henceforth, noble *Osmond*,
Do me more justice, honour more my truth,
Nor mark me with an eye of squint suspicion——
These jars apart—You may repose your soul
On my firm faith and unremitting friendship.
Of that I sure have given exalted proof,
And the next sun we see shall prove it further——
Return, my son, and from your friend *Goffredo*
Release your word. There try, by soft repose,
To calm your breast.

OSMOND.

Bid the vext ocean sleep,
Swept by the pinions of the raging north——
But your frail age, by care and toil exhausted,
Demands the balm of all-repairing rest.

SIFFREDI.

Soon as to-morrow's dawn shall streak the skies,
I, with my friends in solemn state assembled,
Will to the palace, and demand your freedom :
Then by calm reason, or by higher means,
The king shall quit his claim, and, in the face

Of

Of Sicily, my daughter shall be yours:
Farewell.

OSMOND.

My lord, good night.

SCENE III.

OSMOND, alone. [*After a long pause.*]

I like him not——

Yes—I have mighty matter of suspicion.
'Tis plain—I see it lurking in his breast,
He has a foolish fondness for this king—
My honour is not safe, while here my wife
Remains—Who knows but he this very night
May bear her to some convent, as he mention'd—
The king too—tho' I smother'd up my rage,
I mark'd it well—will set me free to-morrow.
Why not to-night? He has some dark design—
By heavens! he has—I am abus'd most grossly;
Made the vile tool of this old statesman's schemes;
Marry'd to one—Ay, and he knew it,—one
Who loves young *Tancred*! Hence her swooning, tears,
And all her soft distress, when she disgrac'd me
By basely giving her perfidious hand
Without her heart—Hell and perdition! this,
This is the perfidy!—This is the fell,
The keen, envenom'd, exquisite disgrace!

R 3

Which

Which to a man of honour even exceeds
The falsehood of the person—But I now
Will rouse me from the poor tame lethargy,
By my believing fondness cast upon me.
I will not wait his crawling timid motions,
Perhaps to blind me meant, which he to-morrow
Has promis'd to pursue. No ! ere his eyes
Shall open on to-morrow's orient beam,
I will convince him that Earl *Osmond* never
Was form'd to be his dupe—I know full well
Th' important weight and danger of the deed :
But to a man, whom greater dangers press,
Driven to the brink of infamy and horror,
Rashness itself, and utter desperation,
Are the best prudence—I will bear her off
This night, and lodge her in a place of safety.
I have a trusty band that waits not far.
Hence ! let me lose no time—One rapid moment
Should ardent form, at once, and execute
A bold design—'Tis fix'd—'Tis done !—Yes, then,
When I have seiz'd the prize of love and honour,
And with a friend secur'd her ; to the castle
I will repair, and claim *Goffredo's* promise
To rise with all his garrison—my friends
With brave impatience wait. The mine is laid,
And only wants my kindling touch to spring.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

SIGISMUNDA's Apartment.

SIGISMUNDA, LAURA.

LAURA.

Heavens ! 'tis a fearful night !

SIGISMUNDA.

Ah ! the black rage

Of midnight tempest, or th' assuring smiles
Of radiant morn are equal all to me.

•Nought now has charms or terrors to my breast,
The feat of stupid wo !—Leave me, my *Laura*.
Kind rest, perhaps, may hush my woes a little—
Oh for that quiet sleep that knows no morning !

LAURA.

Madam, indeed I know not how to go.
Indulge my fondness—Let me watch a while
By your sad bed, till these dread hours shall pass.

SIGISMUNDA.

Alas ! what is the toil of elements,
This idle perturbation of the sky,
To what I feel within !—Oh that the fires
Of pitying heaven would point their fury here !
Good night, my dearest *Laura* !

LAURA.

O I know not

What

What this oppression means—but 'tis with pain,
 With tears, I can persuade myself to leave you—
 Well then—Good night, my dearest *Sigismunda*!

S C E N E V.

SIGISMUNDA.

And am I then alone?—The most undone,
 Most wretched being now beneath the cope
 Of this affrighting gloom that wraps the world!—
 I said I did not fear—Ah me! I feel
 A shivering horror run thro' all my powers!
 O I am nought but tumult, fears, and weakness!
 And yet how idle fear when hope is gone,
 Gone, gone for ever!—O thou gentle scene

[*Looking towards her bed.*

Of sweet repose, where by th' oblivious draught
 Of each sad toilsome day, to peace restor'd
 Unhappy mortals lose their woes a while,
 Thou hast no peace for me!—What shall I do?
 How pass this dreadful night, so big with terror?—
 Here, with the midnight shades, here will I sit,

[*Sitting down.*

A prey to dire despair, and ceaseless weep
 The hours away—Bless me—I heard a noise—

[*Starting up.*

No—I mistook—Nothing but silence reigns

And

And awful midnight round—Again!—O heavens!
My lord the king!

SCENE VI.

TANCRED, SIGISMUNDA.

TANCRED.

Be not alarm'd my love!

SIGISMUNDA.

My royal lord! why at this midnight hour,
How came you hither?

TANCRED.

By that secret way
My love contriv'd, when we, in happier days
Us'd to devote these hours, so much in vain,
To vows of love and everlasting friendship.

SIGISMUNDA.

Why will you thus persist to add new stings
To her distress, who never can be thine?
O fly me! fly! You know——

TANCRED.

I know too much.

O how I could reproach thee, *Sigismunda*!
Pour out my injur'd soul in just complaints!
But now the time permits not, these swift moments—
I told thee how thy father's artifice
Forc'd me to seem perfidious in thy eyes.

Ah,

Ah, fatal blindness ! not to have observ'd
 The mingled pangs of rage and love that shook me :
 When, by my cruel public situation
 Compell'd, I only feign'd consent, to gain
 A little time, and more secure thee mine.
 E'er since—A dreadful interval of care !——
 My thoughts have been employ'd, not without hope,
 How to defeat *Siffredi's* barbarous purpose.
 But thy credulity has ruin'd all,
 Thy rash, thy wild—I know not what to name it—
 Oh it has prov'd the giddy hopes of man
 To be delusion all, and sickening folly !

SIGISMUNDA.

Ah, generous *Tancred* ! ah thy truth destroys me !
 Yes, yes, 'tis I, 'tis I alone am false !
 My hasty rage, join'd to my tame submission,
 More than the most exalted filial duty
 Could e'er demand, has dash'd our cup of fate.
 With bitterness unequal'd—But, alas !
 What are thy woes to mine ?—to mine ! just heaven !—
 Now is thy turn of vengeance—hate, renounce me !
 O leave me to the fate I well deserve,
 To sink in hopeless misery !—at least,
 Try to forget the worthless *Sigismunda* !

TANCRED.

Forget thee ! No ! Thou art my soul itself !
 I have no thought, no hope, no wish but thee !
 Even this repented injury, the fears,
 That rouse me all to madness, at the thought

Of losing thee, the whole collected pains
Of my full heart, serve but to make thee dearer !
Ah, how forget thee !—Much must be forgot,
Ere *Tancred* can forget his *Sigismunda* !

SIGISMUNDA.

But you, my lord, must make that great effort.

TANCRED.

Can *Sigismunda* make it ?

SIGISMUNDA.

Ah ! I know not

With what success—But all that feeble woman
And love-entangled reason can perform,
I, to the utmost, will exert to do it.

TANCRED.

Fear not—'Tis done !—If thou canst form the thought,
Success is sure—I am forgot already !

SIGISMUNDA.

Ah *Tancred* !—But, my lord, respect me more.
Think who I am—What can you now propose ?

TANCRED.

To claim the plighted vows which heaven has heard,
To vindicate the rights of holy love
By faith and honour bound, to which compar'd
These empty forms, which have ensnar'd thy hand,
Are impious guile, abuse, and profanation—
Nay, as a king, whose high prerogative,
By this unlicens'd marriage, is affronted,
To bid the laws themselves pronounce it void.

SIGIS-

SIGISMUNDA.

Honour, my lord, is much too proud to catch
 At every slender twig of nice distinctions.
 These for th' unfeeling vulgar may do well :
 But those, whose souls are by the nicer rule
 Of virtuous delicacy nobly sway'd,
 Stand at another bar than that of laws.
 Then cease to urge me—Since I am not born
 To that exalted fate to be your queen—
 Or, yet a dearer name—to be your wife !——
 I am the wife of an illustrious lord
 Of your own princely blood ; and what I am,
 I will with proper dignity remain.
 Retire, my royal lord—There is no means
 To cure the wounds this fatal day has given.
 We meet no more !

TANCRED.

Oh barbarous *Sigismunda* !

And canst thou talk thus steadily ? thus treat me
 With such unpitying, unrelenting rigour ?
 Poor is the love, that rather than give up
 A little pride, a little formal pride,
 The breath of vanity ! can bear to see
 The man, whose heart was once so dear to thine
 By many a tender vow so mix'd together,
 A prey to anguish, fury and distraction !—
 Thou canst not surely make me such a wretch,
 Thou canst not, *Sigismunda* !—Yet relent,
 O save us yet !—*Rodolpho*, with my guards,

Waits,

Waits in the garden—Let us seize the moments
 We ne'er may have again—With more than power
 I will assert thee mine, with fairest honour.
 The world shall even approve ; each honest bosom
 Swell with a kindred joy to see us happy.

SIGISMUNDA.

The world approve!—What is the world to me ?
 The conscious mind is its own awful world.—
 And yet, perhaps, if thou wert not a king,
 I know not, *Tancred*, what I might have done,
 Then, then, my conduct, sanctify'd by love,
 Could not be deem'd, by the severest judge,
 The mean effect of interest or ambition.
 But now not all my partial heart can plead,
 Shall ever shake th' unalterable dictates
 That tyrannize my breast.

TANCRED.

'Tis well—no more—

I yield me to my fate—Yes, yes inhuman !
 Since thy barbarian heart is steel'd by pride,
 Shut up to love and pity, here behold me
 Cast on the ground, a vile and abject wretch !
 Lost to all cares, all dignities, all duties !
 Here will I grow, breathe out my faithful soul.
 Here at thy feet—Death, death alone shall part us !

SIGISMUNDA.

Have you then vow'd to drive me to perdition ?
 What can I more ?—Yes, *Tancred* ! once again
 I will forget the dignity my station

Commands me to sustain—for the last time
 Will tell thee, that, I fear, no ties, no duty,
 Can ever root thee from my hapless bosom.
 O leave me ! fly me ! were it but in pity !—
 To see what once we tenderly have lov'd,
 Cut off from every hope—cut off for ever !
 Is pain thy generosity should spare me.
 Then, rise, my lord ; and if you truly love me,
 If you respect my honour, nay, my peace,
 Retire ! for tho' th' emotions of my heart
 Can ne'er alarm my virtue ; yet alas !
 They tear it so, they pierce it with such anguish—
 Oh 'tis too much !—I cannot bear the conflict !

S C E N E VII.

TANCRED, OSMOND, SIGISMUNDA.

OSMOND, entering.

Turn, tyrant ! turn ! and answer to my honour,
 For this thy base insufferable outrage !

TANCRED.

Insolent traitor ! think not to escape
 Thyself my vengeance ! [*They fight. Osmond falls.*

SIGISMUNDA.

Help here ! Help !—O heavens !

[*Throwing herself down by him.*

Alas ! my lord, what meant your headlong rage ?

That

That faith, which I this day, upon the altar
To you devoted, is unblemish'd, pure,
As vestal truth; was resolutely yours,
Beyond the power of aught on earth to shake it.

OSMOND.

Perfidious woman! die!——

[Shortening his sword, he plunges it into her breast.]
and to the grave

Attend a husband, yet but half aveng'd!

TANCRED.

O horror! horror! execrable villain!

OSMOND.

And, tyrant! thou!—Thou shalt not o'er my tomb
Exult—'Tis well—'Tis great!—I die content.——

[Dies.]

SCENE VIII.

TANCRED, SIFFREDI, RODOLPHO, SIGISMUNDA,
LAURA.

TANCRED.

[Throwing himself down by Sigismunda.]

Quick! here! bring aid!—All in *Palermo* bring
Whose skill can save her!—Ah! that gentle bosom
Pours fast the streams of life.

SIGISMUNDA.

All aid is vain,
I feel the powerful hand of death upon me—

S 2

But,

But, oh! it sheds a sweetness thro' my fate,
That I am thine again; and without blame,
May in my *Tancred's* arms resign my soul!

TANCRED.

Oh, death is in that voice! so gently mild,
So sadly sweet, as mixes even with mine
The tears of hovering angels!—Mine again!——
And is it thus the cruel fates have join'd us?
Are these the horrid nuptials they prepare
For love like ours? is virtue thus rewarded?
Let not my impious rage accuse just heaven!
Thou, *Tancred!* Thou! hast murder'd *Sigismunda!*
That furious man was but the tool of fate,
I, I the cause!—But I will do thee justice
On this deaf heart! that to thy tender wisdom
Refus'd an ear—Yes, death shall soon unite us!

SIGISMUNDA.

Live, live, my *Tancred!*—Let my death suffice
To expiate all that may have been amiss.
May it appease the fates, avert their fury
From thy propitious reign! Mean-time, of me
And of thy glory mindful, live, I charge thee,
To guard our friends, and make thy people happy—
[*Observing Siffredi fixt in astonishment and grief.*
My father!—Oh! how shall I lift my eyes
To thee my sinking father!

SIFFREDI.

Awful heaven!

I am chastis'd —My dearest child!——

SIGIS-

SIGISMUNDA.

Where am I?

A fearful darkness closes all around—

My friends ! We needs must part—I must obey
Th' imperious call—Farewell, my *Laura* ! cherishMy poor afflicted father's age—*Rodolpho*,

Now is the time to watch th' unhappy king,

With all the care and tenderness of friendship—

Oh my dear father ! bow'd beneath the weight

Of age and grief—the victim even of virtue,

Receive my last adieu !—Where art thou *Tancred* ?

Give me thy hand—But ah !—it cannot save me

From the dire king of terrors, whose cold power

Creeps o'er my heart—Oh !

TANCRED.

How these pangs distract me !

O lift thy gracious eyes ; —Thou leav'st me then !

Thou leav'st me, *Sigismunda* !

SIGISMUNDA.

Yet a moment—

I had, my *Tancred*, something more to say—

Yes— but thy love and tenderness for me

Sure makes it needless—Harbour no resentment

Against my father ; venerate his zeal,

That acted from a principle of goodness,

From faithful love to thee—Live, and maintain

My innocence embalm'd, with holiest care

Preserve my spotless memory !—I die—

ETERNAL MERCY take my trembling soul !

S 3

Oh!

Oh ! 'tis the only sting of death to part
From those we love—from thee—farewell, my *Tancred*!

[*Dies.*

TANCRED.

Thus then !

[*Flying to his sword, is held by Rodolpho.*

RODOLPHO.

Hold ! hold ! my Lord !—Have you forgot
Your *Sigismunda*'s last request already ?

TANCRED.

Off ! set me free ! Think not to bind me down,
With barbarous friendship, to the rack of life !
What hand can shut the thousand thousand gates,
Which death still opens to the woes of mortals ?——
I shall find means—No power in earth or heaven
Can force me to endure the hateful light,
Thus robb'd of all that lent it joy and sweetness !
Off ! traitors ! off ! or my distracted soul
Will burst indignant from this jail of nature,
To where she beckons yonder—No, mild seraph !
Point not to life——I cannot linger here,
Cut off from thee, the miserable pity,
The scorn of human kind !——A trampled king !
Who let his mean poor-hearted love, one moment,
To coward prudence stoop ; who made it not
The first undoubting action of his reign,
To snatch thee to his throne, and there to shield thee,
Thy helpless bosom, from a ruffian's fury !——
O shame ! O agony ! O the fell stings

Of

Of late, of vain repentance!—Ha! my brain
 Is all on fire! a wild abyss of thought!
 Th' infernal world discloses! See! Behold him!
 Lo! with fierce smiles he shakes the bloody steel,
 And mocks my feeble tears! Hence! quickly, hence!
 Spurn his vile carcass! give it to the dogs!
 Expose it to the wind, and screaming ravens!
 Or hurl it down that fiery steep to hell,
 There with his soul to toss in flames for ever!—
 Ah, impotence of rage!—What am I?—Where?
 Sad, silent, all?—The forms of dumb despair,
 Around some mournful tomb!—What do I see?
 This soft abode of innocence and love
 Turn'd to the house of death! a place of horror!
 Ah! that poor corse! pale! pale! deform'd with murder!
 Is that my *Sigismunda*!

[Throwing himself down by her,
 SIFFREDI.

[After a pathetic pause, looking on the scene before him.

Have I liv'd
 To these enfeebled years, by Heaven reserv'd,
 To be a dreadful monument of justice?—
Rodolpho, raise the king, and bear him hence
 From this distracting scene of blood and death.
 Alas! I dare not give him my assistance;
 My care would only more enflame his rage.

Behold the fatal work of my dark hand,
 That by rude force the passions would command,
 That

That ruthless sought to root them from the breast;
They may be rul'd, but will not be oppress.
Taught hence, ye parents, who from nature stray,
And the great ties of social life betray;
Ne'er with your children act a tyrant's part:
'Tis yours to guide, not violate the heart.
Ye vainly wise, who o'er mankind preside,
Behold my righteous woes, and drop your pride!
Keep virtue's simple path before your eyes,
Nor think from evil good can ever rise.

End of the fifth Act.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Miss BUDGELL.

CRamm'd to the throat with wholesome moral stuff—
Alas ! poor audience ! you have had enough.
Was ever hapless heroine of a play
In such a piteous plight as ours to-day ?
Was ever woman so by love betray'd ?
Match'd with two husbands, and yet—die a maid.
But bless me !—hold—What sounds are these I hear !—
I see the Tragic Muse herself appear.

The back-scene opens, and discovers a romantic Sylvan landscape ; from which Mrs *Cibber*, in the character of the Tragic Muse, advances slowly to music, and speaks the following lines.

Hence with your flippant epilogue, that tries
To wipe the virtuous tear from British eyes ;
That dares my moral, tragic scene profane,
With strains—at best, unsuited, light, and vain.

Hence

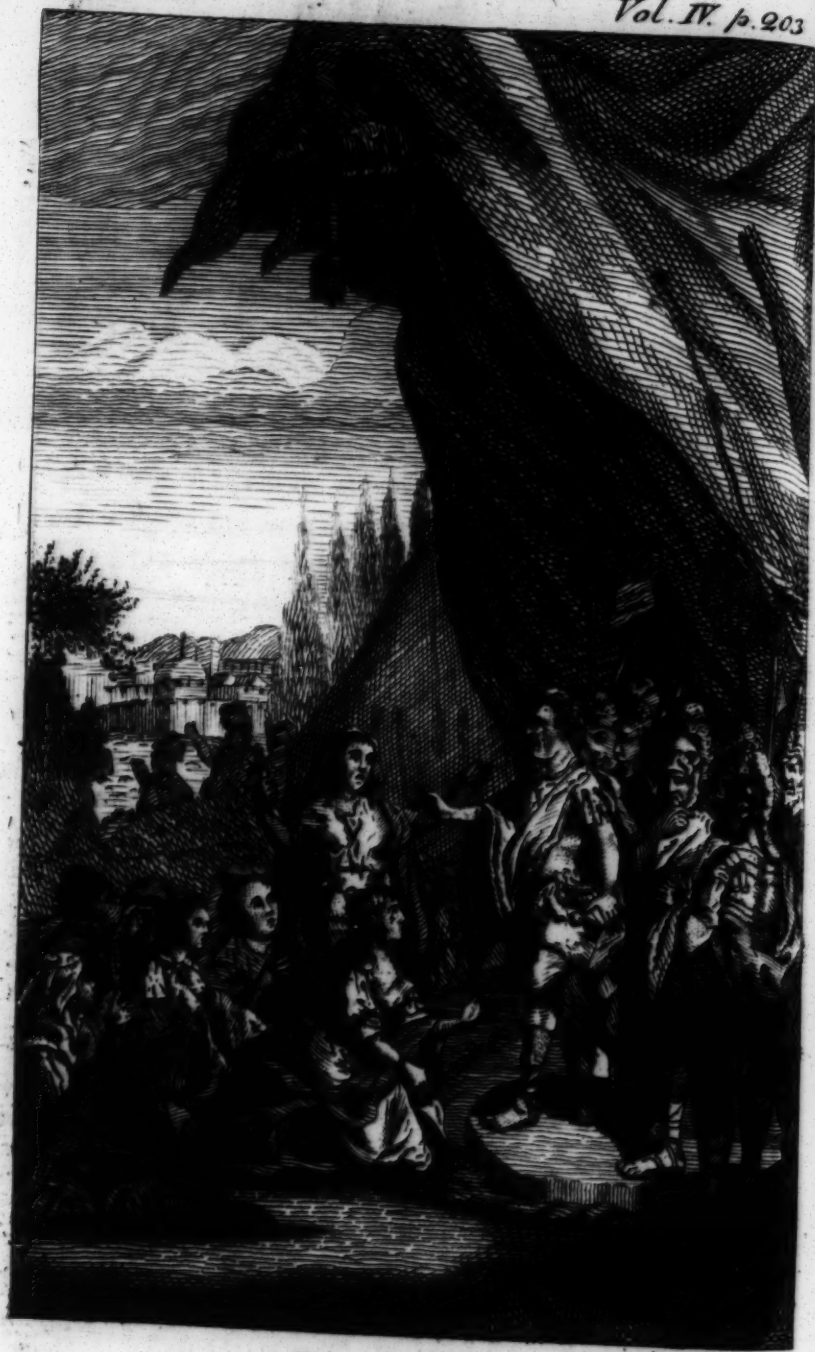
*Hence from the pure unsully'd beams that play
In yon fair eyes where virtue shines—Away!*

*Britons, to you from chaste Castalian groves,
Where dwell the tender, oft unhappy loves;
Where shades of heroes roam, each mighty name,
And court my aid to rise again to fame;
To you I come, to Freedom's noblest seat;
And in Britannia fix my last retreat.*

*In Greece and Rome, I watch'd the public weal;
The purple tyrant trembled at my steel:
Nor did I less o'er private sorrows reign,
And mend the melting heart with softer pain.
On France and You then rose my brightening star,
With social ray—The Arts are ne'er at war.
O as your fire and genius stronger blaze,
As yours are generous freedom's bolder lays,
Let not the Gallic taste leave yours behind,
In decent manners and in life refin'd;
Banish the motly mode, to tag low verse,
The laughing ballad to the mournful herse.
When thro' five acts your hearts have learnt to glow,
Touch'd with the sacred force of honest wo;
O keep the dear impression on your breast,
Nor idly lose it for a wretched jest.*



Summit ()



Coriolanus

CORIOLANUS.

A

TRAGEDY.

—
E

PROLOGUE.

Written by

The Hon. GEORGE LITTLETON, Esq;

Spoken by Mr QUIN.

I Come not here your candour to implore
For scenes, whose author is, alas! no more:
He wants no advocate his cause to plead;
You will yourselves be patrons of the dead.
No party his benevolence confin'd,
No sect—alike it flow'd to all mankind.
He lov'd his friends (forgive this gushing tear:
Alas! I feel I am no actor here)
He lov'd his friends with such a warmth of heart,
So clear of int'rest, so devoid of art,
Such generous friendship, such unshaken zeal,
No words can speak it, but our tears may tell.——
O candid truth, O faith without a stain,
O manners gently firm, and nobly plain,
O sympathizing love of others bliss,
Where will you find another breast like his?
Such was the man—the poet well you know:
O ft has he touch'd your hearts with tender wo:

VOL. IV.

T

Qst

PROLOGUE.

*Oft in this crouded house, with just applause,
You heard him teach fair virtue's purest laws ;
For his chaste muse employ'd her heaven-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire,
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line, which dying he could wish to blot.
Ob, may to-night your favourable doom
Another laurel add to grace his tomb :
Whilst he, superior now to praise or blame,
Hears not the feeble voice of human fame.
Yet if to those, whom most on earth he lov'd,
From whom his pious care is now remov'd,
With whom his liberal hand, and bounteous heart,
Shar'd all his little fortune could impart ;
If to those friends your kind regard shall give
What they no longer can from him receive,
That, that, even now, above yon starry pole,
May touch with pleasure his immortal soul.*

Persons

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by J. Streater, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard

1679

THE SECOND VOLUME

CONTAINING

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BY

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LONDON

Persons represented.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS; Mr *Quin.*
 ATTIVS TULLUS, general of the } Mr *Ryan.*
Volscian army,
 GALESUS, one of the deputies of } Mr *Delane.*
 the *Volscian* states attending the }
 camp.
 The other deputies of the *Volscian*
 states.
 VOLUSIVS, one of the principal } Mr *Sparks.*
Volscian officers,
 TITUS, freedman of GALESUS, Mr *Ridout.*
 MARCVS MINVCIVS, consul and } Mr *Bridgwater.*
 principal of the deputation from }
Rome to CORIOLANUS;
 POSTHVMVS COMINIVS, a consular } Mr *Anderson.*
 senator, one of the deputation, }
 and who had been the *Roman* }
 general at the taking of *Corioli*, }

VETURIA, mother of CORIOLANUS, } Mrs *Woffington.*
 NUS,
 VOLUMNIA, wife of CORIOLANUS, Miss *Bellamy.*

Roman senators, priests, augurs, &c. of the first deputation. *Roman* ladies in the train of VETURIA and VOLUMNIA, of the second deputation.

Volscian OFFICERS, LICTORS, SOLDIERS, &c.

SCENE, The *Volscian* camp.

C O R I O L A N U S.

A

T R A G E D Y.

A C T. I. S C E N E I.

The Volscian Camp.

ATTIUS TULLUS, VOLUSIUS.

VOLUSIUS.

WHence is it, *Tullus*, that our arms are stopt
Here on the borders of the *Roman* state?
Why sleeps that spirit, whose heroic ardor
Urg'd you to break the truce, and pour'd our host,
From all th' united cantons of the *Volsci*,

T. 3.

On

On their unguarded frontier? Such designs
Brook not an hour's delay; their whole success
Depends on instant vigorous execution.

TULLUS.

Volumnius, I approve thy brave impatience;
And will to thee, in confidence of friendship,
Disclose my secret soul. Thou know'st *Gaius*,
Whose freedom *Gaius Marcius*, once his guest,
Of all the spoil of sack'd *Corioli*,
Alone demanded; and who thence to *Rome*,
From gratitude and friendship, followed *Marcius*:
Whence lately to our *Antium* he return'd,
With overtures of peace propos'd by *Rome*.

VOLUSIUS.

I know him well; an antiquated sage
Of that romantic school *Pythagoras*
Establish'd here on our *Heperian* shore;
Whose gentle dictates only serve to tame
Enfeebled mortals into slaves.

TULLUS.

Gaius,

Doubtless, possesses many civil virtues;
Is gentle, good; for rectitude of heart,
And innocence of life by all rever'd.

VOLUSIUS.

Pardon me, *Tullus*, if my faithful bluntness
Deems you too liberal in his praise. In peace
Such may perhaps do well, when prating rules
An idle world; but, in tempestuous times,

They

They are stark naught, these visionary statesmen,
Fit rulers only for their golden age.
The rugged genius of rapacious *Rome*,
For other men, and other counsels, calls.

TULLUS.

Your thoughts are mine—I only meant to tell thee
The part he bears in this ill-tim'd delay.

Soon as our gather'd army march'd from *Antium*,
The *Roman* senate, whose attentive caution
Watch'd all our motions, took at once th' alarm;
And sent a herald, ere we past their borders,
With formal ceremony, to demand
The cause of our approach.—Had I been master,
I would have answer'd at the gates of *Rome*.
But this *Galesus*, who attends our camp
Among the *Volscian* deputies, so pleaded
The laws of nations, made such loud complaints
Against th' infraction of the public faith,
So teaz'd us with the pedantry of states,
That I was forc'd, unwilling, to permit
His freedman, *Titus*, to be sent to *Rome*
With our demands. If these the senate grants,
We then are in the toils of peace entangled,
In spite of all my efforts to avoid them.

VOLUSIUS.

O 'tis a wild chimera! Peace with *Rome*!
Dream not of that, unless the *Volscian* courage
Is quite subdu'd, and only seeks to gild
A vile submission with that specious name.

Leara

Learn wisdom from your neighbours. Peace with *Rome*
Has quell'd the *Latine*, tam'd their free-born spirit,
And by her friendship honour'd them with chains.

TULLUS:

She ne'er will grant it on the just conditions:
I now have brought the *Volsci* to demand:
The restitution of our conquer'd cities,
And fair alliance upon equal terms.
I know the *Roman* insolence will scorn
To yield to this: and *Titus* must return,
Within three days, the longest term allow'd him;
Of which the third is near elaps'd already.
Then even *Galosus* will not dare to stop us
With superstitious forms, and solemn trifles,
From letting loose th' unbridled rage of war
Against those hated tyrants of *Hesperia*.

VOLUSIUS:

Thanks to the gods! my sword will then be free.
Then, poor *Corioli*! thy bleeding wounds,
Thy treasures sack'd, thy captive matrons,
Shall amply be reveng'd by thy *Volusius*:
Then, *Tullus*, from the lofty brows of *Marcus*
Thou may'st regain the wreaths his conquering hand,
By partial fortune aided, tore from thine.

TULLUS:

O my *Volusius*! thou, who art a soldier,
A try'd and brave one too, say, in thy heart
Dost thou not scorn me? thou, who saw'st me bend
Beneath the half-spent thunder of a foe,

Warm.

Warm from the conquest of *Corioli*,
Which, rushing furious in with those, whose sally
He had repell'd, he seiz'd almost alone;
And gave to fire and sword. Yet thence he flew,
Scorning the plunder of our richest city,
His wounds undrest, without a moment's respite,
To where our armies on the fearful edge
Of battle stood; and, asking of the consul
To be oppos'd to me, with mighty rage,
Resistless bore us down.

VOLUSIUS.

True valour; *Tullus*,
Lies in the mind, the never-yielding purpose;
Nor owns the blind award of giddy fortune.

TULLUS.

My soul, my friend, my soul is all on fire!
Thirst of revenge consumes me! the revenge
Of generous emulation, not of hatred.
This happy *Roman*, this proud *Marcus* haunts me,
Each troubled night when slaves and captives sleep,
Forgetful of their chains, I, in my dreams,
Anew am vanquish'd; and beneath the sword
With horror sinking, feel a tenfold death,
The death of honour. But I will redeem—
Yes, *Marcus*, I will yet redeem my fame.
To face thee once again is the great purpose
For which alone I live.—Till then, how slow,
How tedious lags the time! while shame corrodes me
With many a bitter thought; and injur'd honour
Sick, and desponding, preys upon itself.

VOLV.

VOLUSIUS.

It fast approaches now, the hour of vengeance,
 To this fam'd land, to ancient *Latium* due.
 Unbalanc'd *Rome*, at variance with herself,
 To order lost, in deep and hot commotion,
 Stands on the dangerous point of civil war;
 Her haughty nobles, and seditious commons
 Reviling, fearing, hating one another:
 While, on our part, all wears a prosperous face;
 Our troops united, numerous, high in spirit,
 As if their gen'ral's soul inform'd them all.
 O long-expected day!

TULLUS.

Go, brave *Volusius*,

Go breathe thy ardor into every breast,
 That when the *Volsian* envoy shall return,
 Whom ere the close of evening I expect,
 One spirit may unite us in the cause
 Of generous freedom, and our native rights,
 So long oppress'd by *Rome's* encroaching power.

SCENE II.

TULLUS, alone.

Gaius said that *Marcus* stands for consul.
 O favour thou his suit, propitious *Jove*!
 That I may brave him at his army's head,
 In all the majesty of sovereign pow'r!

That

CORIO LANUS.

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That the whole conduct of the war may rest
On us alone, and prove by its decision,
Which of the two is worthiest to command——

SCENE III.

TULLUS, OFFICER.

TULLUS.

Ha ! why this haste ? you look alarm'd.

OFFICER.

My lord,

One of exalted port, his visage hid,
Has plac'd himself upon your sacred hearth,
Beneath the dread protection of your *Lares* ;
And sits majestic there in solemn silence.

TULLUS.

Did you not ask him who, and what he was ?

OFFICER.

My lord, I could not speak ; I felt appall'd,
As if the presence of some God had struck me.

TULLUS.

Come, dastard ! let me find this man of terrors.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

*The back scene opens, and discovers CORIOLANUS
as described above.*

CORIOLANUS, TULLUS.

TULLUS, *after some silence.*

Illustrious stranger—for thy high demeanour
Bespeaks thee such—who art thou?

CORIOLANUS.

[Rising and unmuffling his face.

View me, Tullus—

[After some pause.

Dost thou not know me?

TULLUS.

No. That noble front
I never saw before. What is thy name?

CORIOLANUS.

Does not the secret voice of hostile instinct,
Does not thy swelling heart declare me to thee?

TULLUS.

Gods! can it be?—

CORIOLANUS.

Yes. I am *Caius Marcius*;
Known to thy smarting country by the name
Of *Coriolanus*. That alone is left me,
That empty name, for all my toils, my service,

The

The blood which I have shed for thankless *Rome*.
Behold me banish'd thence, a victim yielded
By her weak nobles to the maddening rabble,
I seek revenge. Thou may'st employ my sword,
With keener edge, with heavier force against her,
Than e'er it fell upon the *Volscian* nation.
But if thou, *Tullus*, dost refuse me this,
The only wish of my collected heart,
Where every passion in one burning point
Concenters, give me death: Death from thy hand.
I sure have well deserv'd—Nor shall I blush
To take or life or death from *Atius Tullus*.

TULLUS.

O *Caius Marcius*! in this one short moment,
That we have friendly talk'd, my ravish'd heart
Has undergone a great, a wondrous change.
I ever held thee in my best esteem;
But this heroic confidence has won me,
Stamp't me at once thy friend. I were indeed
A wretch as mean as this thy trust is noble,
Could I refuse thee thy demand—Yes, *Marcus*!
Thou hast thy wish! take half of my command,
If that be not enough, then take the whole.
We have, my friend, a gallant force on foot,
An army, *Marcus*, fit to follow thee.
Go lead them on, and take thy full revenge.
All should unite to punish the ungrateful;
Ingratitude is treason to mankind.

VOL. IV.

U

CORIO.

CORIOLANUS, *embracing him.*

Thus, generous *Tullus*, take a soldier's thanks,
 Who is not practis'd in the gloss of words —
 Thou friend in deed ! friend to my cause, my quarrel !
 Friend to the darling passion of my soul !
 All else I set at nought !—Immortal gods !
 I am new-made, and wonder at myself !
 A little while ago, and I was nothing ;
 A powerless reptile, crawling on the earth,
 Curs'd with a soul that restless wish'd to wield
 The bolts of *Jove* ! I dwelt in *Erebus*,
 I wander'd through the hopeless gloom of hell,
 Stung with revenge, tormented by the furies !
 Now, *Tullus*, like a god, you draw me thence,
 Throne me amidst the skies, with tempest charg'd,
 And put the ready thunder in my hand !

TULLUS.

What I have promis'd, *Marcus*, I will do.
 Within an hour at farthest we expect
 The freedman of *Gaius* back from *Rome*,
 Who carry'd to the senate our demands.
 Their answer will, I doubt not, end the truce,
 And instant draw our angry swords against them.
 Till then retire within my inmost tent,
 Unknown to all but me, that when our chiefs
 Meet in full council to declare for war,
 I may produce thee to their wondering eyes,
 As if descended from avenging heaven

To

CORIO LANUS.

219

To humble lofty *Rome*, and teach her justice.

CORIO LANUS.

To thy direction, *Tullus*, I resign

My future life : my fate is in thy hands ;

And, if I judge aright, the fate of *Rome*.

End of the First Act.

U 2

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

GALESUS, TITUS.

GALESUS.

INDEED! my *Titus*, I had hopes that *Rome*,
 Vext as she is with her domestic broils,
 Her frontier weak, her armies unprepar'd,
 Might have comply'd with our demands, and given us
 The same alliance granted to the *Latins*.

TITUS.

The senate scarce would hear the terms I offer'd;
 But order'd me to bear this answer back:
 "If first the *Volci* take up arms, the *Romans*
 "Will be the last to lay them down."

GALESUS.

Alas!

This answer seals the doom of many a wretch,
 Unchain'd *Bellona* from her temple rushes,
 With all the crimes and vices in her train.
 Earth fades at her reproach. To rural peace,
 Fair plenty, and the social joy of cities,
 Soon will succeed rage, rapine, devastation,

Each

Each cruel horror sanctify'd by names.

O mortals ! mortals ! when will you content
With nature's bounty, that in fuller flow,
Still as your labours open more its sources,
Abundant gushes o'er the happy world ;
When will you banish violence, and outrage
To dwell with beasts of prey in woods and deserts ?

TITUS.

Never till *Rome* shall change her conquering maxims.

GALESUS.

Her haughty spirit now will soar beyond
Its usual pitch, upborne by *Caius Marcius*.
Stands he not for the consulate ?

TITUS.

He did.

But is no more a citizen of *Rome*.

GALESUS.

What mean'st thou, *Titus* ?

TITUS.

Marcius is from *Rome*

Banish'd for ever.

GALESUS.

O immortal powers !

On what pretence could they to exile doom
Their wisest captain, and their bravest soldier ?
Nor less renown'd for piety, for justice,
An uncorrupted heart, and purest manners.

TITUS.

The charge against him was entirely groundless,

U 3

What

What not his enemies themselves believ'd,
 Affecting of tyrannic power in *Rome*.
 His real crime was only some hot words,
 Struck from his fiery temper, in the senate,
 Against those factious ministers of discord,
 The tribunes of the people. They to rage,
 And frantic fury, rous'd the mad plebeians;
 By whom supported in their bold attempt,
 They durst presume to summon to the bar
 Of an enrag'd and partial populace,
 The most illustrious senator of *Rome*.
 To this the nobles yielded—and, with his,
 Gave up their own and childrens rights for ever.

GALESUS.

O shameful weakness in a *Roman* senate,
 So much renown'd for firmness! yet my *Titus*,
 Spite of my love to *Marcus*, I must own it,
 The vigorous foil whence his heroic virtues
 Luxurious rise; if not with careful hand
 Severely weeded, teems with imperfections.
 His lofty spirit brooks no opposition.
 His rage, if once offended, knows no bounds.
 He deems plebeians, with patrician blood
 Compar'd, the creatures of a lower species,
 Mere menial hands by nature meant to serve him.

TITUS

It was this high patrician pride undid him.
 The furious people triumph'd in his ruin
 As if they had expell'd another *Tarquin*:

While,

While, like a captive train, the vanquish'd nobles
Hung their dejected heads in silent shame.

Marcus alone seem'd unconcern'd ; tho' deep
The latent tempest boil'd within his breast,
Choak'd up and smother'd with excessive rage.

GALESUS.

You were his guest at *Rome*, and therefore, *Titus*,
Might on this sad occasion be permitted
To join your tears with his domestic friends.
Saw you that moving scene ?

TITUS.

I did, *Galesus*.

I follow'd *Marcus* home—His mother, there,
Veturia, the most venerable matron
These eyes have e'er beheld, and soft *Volumnia*,
His lovely virtuous wife amidst his children,
Spread on the ground, lay lost in dumb despair.
He swelling stood a while, and could not speak,
Th' affronted hero struggling with the man ;
'Then thus at last he broke the gloomy silence ;
' 'Tis done. The guilty sentence is pronounc'd.
' Ungrateful *Rome* has cast me from her bosom.
' Support this blow with fortitude and courage,
' As it becomes two generous *Roman* matrons.
' I recommend my children to your care.
' Farewell. I go, I quit, without regret,
' A city grown an enemy to virtue."

GALESUS.

Oh godlike *Marcus* ! oh unconquer'd strength

And

And dignity of mind ! How much superior
Is such a soul to all the power of fortune !

TITUS.

This said, he sternly try'd to break away :
When, holding in his hand his eldest son,
Veturia follow'd ; while the poor *Volumnia*,
All drown'd in tears, and bearing in one arm
Their youngest, yet an infant, with the other
Hung clinging at his knees—he, turning to them,
Half soften'd, half severe, breath'd from his soul
These broken accents—" Cease your vain complaints,
" Mother, you have no more a son ; and thou,
" Thou best of women ! thou, my dear *Volumnia* !
" Nomore a husband."—Pierc'd with these dire words
Volumnia lifeless sunk : and off he flung,
With wild precipitation.

GALEIUS.

Thy sad tale

Blinds my old eyes with tears—But whither, tell me,
O whither, *Titus*, bent he then his course ?

TITUS.

Where the blind genius of regardless rage
And desperation led. On to the gate,
Capena call'd, attended by the nobles,
He stalk'd in sullen majesty along ;
Nor deign'd a word. A godlike virtuous anger
Beam'd thro' his features, and sublim'd his air,
With downcast eyes he walk'd ; or if aside
He chanc'd to look, each look was great reproach.

Thus

Thus in emphatic silence, that made words
Void and insipid all, he parted from them,
The day preceding my return from *Rome*;
Nor has been heard of since, lost in th' abyss
Of his own woes.

GALESUS.

O *Marcus*, noble *Marcus*!

How shall my friendship succour thy distress?
Where shall I find thee, to partake thy sorrows,
And make myself companion of thy exile?

But, *Titus*, we indulge discourse too long—
Go, and assemble thou the *Volscian* chiefs,
Whilst I repair to *Tullus*, to inform,
And bring him to the council, there to hear
The fatal answer thou hast brought from *Rome*.

SCENE II.

Changes to TULLUS's tent.

CORIOLANUS, TULLUS.

CORIOLANUS.

Forgive me, *Tullus*, if I count the moments
That stop the purpose of thy noble kindness,
And keep me here confin'd in tame inaction.
Why lingers *Titus*?

TULLUS

TULLUS.

Calm thy restless heart,
 Brave *Marcus* ; every minute I expect him.
 Soon from the cloud that hides thee, shalt thou break
 With double brightness ; soon thy fiery rage
 Shall wither all the strength and pride of *Rome*.

CORIOLANUS.

O righteous *Jove*, protector of the injur'd !
 If from my earliest youth, with pious awe,
 I still have reverenc'd thy all-powerful justice,
 Still by her sacred dictates rul'd my actions ;
 O let that justice now support my cause,
 And arm my strong right-hand with all her terrors !
 When that is done, be life or death my lot,
 As thy almighty pleasure shall determine.

[Enter an officer to Tullus.

OFFICER.

My lord, *Gaius* asks admittance to you.

TULLUS.

Marcus, retire an instant, till I hear
 The business brings him hither—Bid him enter.

[Exit officer and Coriolanus.

[Enter *Gaius*.

SCENE

SCENE III.

TULLUS, GALESUS.

GALESUS.

Tullus, the Roman senate has return'd
No other answer to our late demands,
But absolute denial and defiance.

TULLUS.

It is what I expected—We shall teach them
An humbler language soon—Hast thou assembled,
As I desir'd, the *Volscian* chiefs in council?

GALESUS.

Titus is gone to summon their attendance.

TULLUS.

It is enough—Come forth, my noble guest!
And shew *Galesus* how the gods assist us.

SCENE IV.

CORIOLANUS, TULLUS, GALESUS.

GALESUS.

O my astonish'd soul; what do I see?
What! *Caius Marcius*! *Caius Marcius* here,
Beneath one tent with *Tullus*?

TUL.

TULLUS.

Ay, and more,

With *Tullus*, now his friend and fellow-soldier.
 Yes, thou shalt see him thundering at the head
 Of *Volscian* armies; he, who oft has carry'd
 Destruction thro' their ranks—Your leave a moment,
 While to our chiefs, and fathers, I announce
 Their unexpected guest.

SCENE V.

CORIOLANUS, GALEBUS.

CORIOLANUS.

Thou good old man!

Close let me strain thee to my faithful heart,
 Which now is doubly thine, united more
 By the protection which thy country gives me,
 Than by our former friendship.

GALEBUS.

Strange event!

This is thy work, almighty Providence!
 Whose power, beyond the stretch of human thought,
 Revolves the orbs of empire; bids them sink
 Deep in the deadening night of thy displeasure,
 Or rise majestic o'er a wondering world.
 The gods by thee—I see it, *Coriolanus*,—
 Mean to exalt us, and depress the *Romans*.

CORIO-

CORIOLANUS.

Gaius, yes, the gods have sent me hither ;
Those righteous gods, who, when vindictive justice
Excites them to destroy a worthless people,
Make their own crimes and follies strike the blow.

GALEUS.

Cherish these thoughts, that teach us what we are,
And tame the pride of man. There is a power
Unseen that rules th' illimitable world,
That guides its motions, from the brightest star,
To the least dust of this sin-tainted mold ;
While man, who madly deems himself the lord
Of all, is nought but weakness and dependence.
This sacred truth, by sure experience taught,
Thou must have learnt, when wandering all alone,
Each bird, each insect, flitting thro' the sky,
Was more sufficient for itself than thou——
Ah the full image of thy woes dissolves me !
The pangs that must have torn, at parting from thee,
Thy mother and thy wife. I cannot think
Of that sad scene, without some drops of pity !

CORIOLANUS.

Who was it forc'd me to that bitter parting ?
Who, in one cruel, hasty moment, chas'd me
From wife, from children, friends, and household gods,
Me ! who so often had protected theirs ?
Who, from the sacred city of my fathers
Drove me with nature's commoners to dwell,
To lodge beneath their wide unsheltered roof,
And at their table feed ? O blast me, gods !

With ev'ry wo ! debility of mind,
 Dishonour, just contempt, and palsy'd weakness,
 If I forgive the villains ! yes, *Galesus*,
 Yes, I will offer to the powers of vengeance
 A great, a glorious victim—a whole city !——
 Why, *Tullus*, this delay ?

GALESUS.

May *Coriolanus*

Be to the *Volscian* nation, and himself,
 The dread, the godlike instrument of justice !
 But let not rage and vengeance mix their rancour ;
 Let them not trouble with their fretful storm,
 Their angry gleams, that azure, where enthron'd
 The calm divinity of justice sits,
 And pities, while she punishes, mankind.

CORIOLANUS.

What saidst thou ? What, against the powers of vengeance ?

The gods gave honest anger, just revenge,
 To be the awful guardians of the rights
 And native dignity of human kind.
 O were it not for them, the saucy world
 Would grow a noisome nest of little tyrants !
 Each carrion crow, on eagle merit perch'd,
 Would peck his eyes out, and the mungrel cur
 At pleasure bait the lion—No, *Galesus*,
 I would not rashly, nor on light occasion,
 Receive the deep impression in my breast ;
 But when the base, the brutal, and unjust,

Or

Or worfe than all, th' ungrateful, ftamp it there ;
O I will then with luxury fupreme,
Enjoy the pleafure of offended gods,
A righteous, juft revenge !—Behold my foul.

[Enter an officer.

OFFICER.

My lords, th' affembled chiefs defire your prefence.

GALESUS.

Come, noble *Marcus* ; let my joyful hand
Conduct thee thither—Doubt not thy reception
Will be proportion'd to thy fame and merit.

SCENE VI.

*The back fcene opens, and difcovers the deputies of the
Volſcian States, affembled in council. They riſe
and ſalute Coriolanus ; then reſume their places.*

GALESUS, TULLUS, CORIO LANUS, SENATORS.

GALESUS.

Affembled ſtates, and captains of the *Volſci*,
Behold the chief ſo much renown'd in war ;
Our once ſo formidable foe, but now
Our profer'd friend and ſoldier—*Caius Marcus*.

1st SENATOR.

We give him hearty welcome from our ſouls.

X 2

CORIO-

CORIOLANUS.

Most noble chiefs, and fathers of the *Volsci*,
 I need not say, how, by the people's rage,
 And the poor weakness of the timid nobles,
 I am expell'd from *Rome*. Had I confin'd
 My wishes merely to a safe retreat,
 Some *Latin* city might have given me that ;
 Or any nameless corner. What imports it,
 Where a tame patient exile rots in silence?
 But, *Volscian* lords, permit me to declare,
 I would at once cut short my useless days,
 Rather than be that despicable wretch,
 Who neither can take vengeance on his foes,
 Nor serve his friends. That is my temper, chiefs.
 I shall be glad to merit, by my sword,
 Th' asylum which I seek among the *Volsci*.
Rome is our common foe : Then let us join
 Our common sufferings, passions, and resentments.
 Yes, tho' but one, I bring so many wrongs,
 So large a share of powerful enmity,
 Into the war, as gives me the presumption,
 To offer to the *Volscian* states th' alliance
 Even of my single arm.—

TULLUS.

That single arm
 Is in itself a numerous army, *Marcus* ;
 The *Volscians* so esteem it—But proceed.

CORIOLANUS.

I will not mention, *Volscian* chiefs, what talent

The

The world allows me to possess in war:
 But be that what it will, you may employ it.
 Soldier, or captain, in whatever station
 You place me, I will lose each drop of blood,
 Or with this hand I'll fix the *Volscian* standard
 On the proud towers of capitolian *Jove*.

TULLUS.

Chief of the *Volscian* league I give you joy
 Of our new citizen, the noble *Marcus*.
 The genius of the *Volscian* state has sent him,
 Whetted by wrongs into a keener hatred
 Than that we bear to *Rome*. It were contemning,
 With impious self-sufficient arrogance,
 This bounty of the gods, not to accept,
 With every mark of honour, of his service.
 I, *Volscians*, I, even *Attius Tullus*, give,
 First of you all, my voice, that *Caius Marcus*
 Be now receiv'd to high command among us;
 That instantly we do appoint him general
 Of half our troops, which here, with your consent,
 I to him yield.—Speak, chiefs, is this your pleasure?

1st SENATOR.

It is,—We give unanimous consent.

TULLUS, embracing him.

Marcus, I joy to call thee my companion,
 And colleague in this war.

CORIOLANUS.

By all the gods!

Thou art the generous victor of my soul!

X 3

Yes,

Yes, *Tullus*, I am conquer'd by thy virtue.

GALESUS.

Tho' I have oft, on great occasions, *Tullus*,

Beheld thee in the senate, and the field,

Cover'd with glory ; yet, I must avow,

I never saw thee shew such genuine greatness,

Such true sublimity of soul, as now.

To scorn th' all-powerful charm of selfish passions,

Chiefly the dazzling pride of emulation,

That noble weakness of heroic minds,

To sink thyself that thou may'st raise thy country ;

To put the sword into thy rival's hand,

And twine thy promis'd laurels round his brow—

O 'tis a flight beyond the highest point

Of martial glory ! and what few can reach.

Go forth, ye chosen ministers of justice ;

And may that awful Power, whose secret hand

Sways all our passions, turns our partial views

All to its own dread purposes, attend you !

CORIOLANUS.

I burn to enter on the glorious task

You now have mark'd me out. How slow the time

To the warm soul, that in the very instant

It forms, would execute, a great design.

'Tis my advice we march direct to *Rome* ;

We cannot be too quick. Let the first dawn

See us in bright array before her walls.

Perhaps when they behold her exile there,

Back'd by your force, some conscious hearts among
them

May

May feel th' alarm of guilt.

TULLUS.

I much approve
Of this advice. 'Tis what I thought before,
Ere strengthen'd, *Marcus*, by thy mighty arm:
But now 'tis doubly right. Here, *Volsian* chiefs,
Here let our council terminate—The troops,
Have had repose sufficient. Strait to *Rome*,
Come, let us urge our march—As yet the stars
Ride in their middle watch; we shall with ease,
Reach it by dawn——

CORIOLANUS.

Yes, we have time—too much!
Six tedious hours till morn—But hence! away!
My soul on fire anticipates the dawn.

End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

CORIO LANUS, TULLUS, VOLUSIUS, TITUS,
*with a crowd of Volscian officers. Acclamations
 behind the scenes.*

CORIO LANUS.

NO more—I merit not this lavish praise.
 True, we have driven the *Roman* legions back,
 Defeated, and disgrac'd—But what is this?
 Nothing, ye *Volsci*, nothing yet is done.
 We but begin the wondrous leaf of story,
 That marks the *Roman* doom. At length it dawns,
 The destin'd hour, that eases of their fears
 The nations round, and sets *Hesperia* free.
 Come on, my brave companions of the war!
 Come, let us finish at one mighty stroke
 This toil of labouring fate.—We will, or perish!
 While, noble *Tullus*, you protect the camp,
 I, with my troops, all men of chosen valour,
 And well-approv'd to-day, will storm the city.

TITUS.

Beneath thy animating conduct, *Marcus*,

What

What can the *Volscian* valour not perform ?
Thy very fight and voice subdues the *Romans*.
When, lifting up your helm, you shew'd your face,
That like a comet glar'd destruction on them,
I saw their bravest veterans fly before thee.
Their antient spirit has with thee forsook them,
And ruin hangs o'er yon devoted walls.
[Enter an officer, who addresses himself to Coriolanus.]

OFFICER.

My lord, a herald is arriv'd from *Rome*,
To say, a deputation from the senate,
Attended by the ministers of heaven,
A venerable train of priests and flamens,
Is on the way, address'd to you.

CORIOLANUS.

To me !

What can this message mean !—Stand to your arms,
Ye *Volscian* troops ; and let these *Romans* pass
Betwixt the lowring frown of double files.
What ! do they think me such a milky boy,
To pay my vengeance with a few soft words ?
Come, fellow-foldiers, *Tullus*, come, and see,
If I betray the honours you have done me.

[Goes out with a train of *Volscian* officers.]

SCENE

SCENE II.

TULLUS, VOLUSIUS, *who remain.*

VOLUSIUS, *after some silence.*

Are we not, *Tullus*, failing in our duty
Not to attend our general?

TULLUS.

How! what saidst thou?

VOLUSIUS.

Methought, my lord, his parting orders were,
We should attend the triumph now preparing
O'er all his foes at once—*Romans* and *Volsi*!
Come, we shall give offence.

TULLUS.

Of this no more.

I pray thee spare thy bitter irony.

VOLUSIUS.

Shall I then speak without disguise?

TULLUS.

Speak out

With all the honest bluntness of a friend.

Think'st thou I fear the truth?

VOLUSIUS.

Then, *Tullus*, know,

Thou art no more the general of the *Volsi*.
Thou hast, by this thy generous weakness, sunk
Thyself into a private man of *Antium*.

Yes,

Yes, thou hast taken from thy laurel'd brow
The well-earn'd trophies of thy toils and perils,
Thy springing hopes, the fairest ever budded,
And heap'd them on a man too proud before.

TULLUS.

He bears it high.

VOLUSIUS.

Death, and perdition! high!
With uncontroul'd command!—You see, already,
He will not be encumber'd with the fetters
Of our advice. He speaks his sovereign will;
On every hand he issues out his orders,
As to his natural slaves—For you, my lord,
He has, I think, confin'd you to your camp,
There in inglorious indolence to languish:
While he, beneath your blasted eyes, shall reap
The harvest of your honour.

TULLUS.

No, *Volusius*,
Whatever honour shall by him be gain'd
Reverts to me, from whose superior bounty
He drew the means of all his glorious deeds.
This mighty chief, this conqueror of *Rome*,
Is but my creature.—

VOLUSIUS.

Wretched self-delusion;
He and the *Volscians* know he is thy master.
He acts as such in all things—Now, by *Mars*,
Could my abhorrent soul endure the thought

Of

Of stooping to a *Roman* chief, I here
Would leave thee in thy solitary camp,
And go where glory calls.

TULLUS.

Indeed *Volusius*,

I did expect more equal treatment from him,
But what of that?—The generous pride of virtue
Disdains to weigh too nicely the returns
Her bounty meets with—Like the liberal gods,
From her own gracious nature she bestows,
Nor stoops to ask reward—Yet must I own,
I thought he would not have so soon forgot
What he so lately was, and what I am.

VOLUSIUS.

Gods! knew ye not his character before?
Did you not know his genius was to yours
Averse, as are antipathies in nature?
High, over-weening, tyrannously proud,
And only fit to hold command o'er slaves?
Hence, as repugnant to that equal life,
Which is the quickening soul of all republics,
The *Roman* people cast him forth; and we,
Shall we receive the bane of their repose,
Into our breast? Are we less free than they?
Or shall we be more patient of a tyrant?

TULLUS.

All this I knew. But while his imperfections
Are thy glad theme, thou hast forgot his virtues.

VOLU-

VOLUSIUS.

I leave that subject to the smooth *Galesus*,
 And these his *Volscian* flatterers—His virtues !
 Trust me there is no insolence that treads
 So high as that which rears itself on virtue.

TULLUS.

Well, be it so—I meant, that even his vices
 Should, on this great occasion, serve the *Volsci*.

VOLUSIUS.

Confusion ! there it is ! there lurks the sting
 Of our dishonour ! while this *Marcus* leads
 The *Roman* armies, ours are driven before him.
 Behold, he changes sides ; when with him changes
 The fortune of the war. Strait they grow *Volsci*
 And we victorious *Romans*—Such, no doubt,
 Such is his secret boast—Ay, this vile brand
 Success itself will fix for ever on us ;
 And, *Tullus*, thou, 'tis thou must answer for it.

TULLUS, *aside*.

His words are daggers to my heart ; I feel
 Their truth, but am ashamed to own my folly.

VOLUSIUS.

O shame ! O infamy ! the thought consumes me,
 It scalds my eyes with tears, to see a *Roman*
 Borne on our shoulders to immortal fame :
 Just in the happy moment that decided
 The long dispute of ages, that for which
 Our generous ancestors had toil'd and bled,
 To see him then step in and steal our glory !

VOL. IV.

Y

O that

O that we first had perish'd all ! A people,
Who cannot find in their own proper force
Their own protection, are not worth the saving !

TULLUS.

It must have way ! I will no more suppress it—

Know then, my rough old friend, no less than thee,
His conduct hurts me and upbraids my folly.

I wake as from a dream. What demon mov'd me ?
What doating generosity ? his woes,

Was it his woes ! to see the brave reduc'd

To trust his mortal foe ? perhaps, a little

That work'd within my bosom—But, *Volusus*,

That was not all—I will to thee confess

The weakness of my heart—Yes, it was pride,

The dazzling pride to see my rival-warriour,

The great *Coriolanus*, bend his soul,

His haughty soul, to sue for my protection.

Protection said I ? were it that alone,

I had been base to have refus'd him that,

To have refus'd him aught a gallant foe

Owes to a gallant foe.—But to exalt him

To the same level, nay, above myself ;

To yield him the command of half my troops,

The choicest acting half—That, that was madness !

Was weak, was mean, unworthy of a man !——

VOLUSIUS.

I scorn to flatter thee—It was indeed.

TULLUS.

Curse on the slave *Gaius* ! soothing, he

Seiz'd

Seiz'd the fond moment of infatuation,
 And clench'd the chains my generous folly forg'd.
 How shall I from this labyrinth escape?
 Must it then be! what cruel genius dooms me,
 In war or peace, to creep beneath his fortune?

VOLUSIUS.

That genius is thyself. If thou canst bear
 The very thought of stooping to this *Roman*,
 Thou from that moment art his vassal, *Tullus*;
 By that thou dost acknowledge, parent-nature
 Has form'd him thy superior. But, if fix'd
 Upon the base of manly resolution,
 Thou say'st—I will be free! I will command!
 I and my country! then—O never doubt it—
 We shall find means to crush this vain intruder;
 Even I myself—this hand——

Nay, hear me, *Tullus*,

'Tis not yet come to that, that last resource.
 I do not say we should employ the dagger,
 While other, better means are in our power.

TULLUS.

No, my *Volusius*, fortune will not drive us,
 Or I am much deceiv'd, to that extreme:
 We shall not want the strongest, fairest plea,
 To give a solemn sanction to his fate.
 He will betray himself. Whate'er his rage
 Of passion talks, a weakness for his country
 Sticks in his soul, and he is still a *Roman*.
 Soon shall we see him tempted to the brink

Y 2

Of

Of this fure precipice—Then down, at once,
Without remorse, we hurl him to perdition !

But hark ! the trumpet calls us to a scene
I should detest, if not from hope we thence
May gather matter to mature our purpose.

S C E N E III.

The back scene opens, and discovers Coriolanus sitting on his tribunal, attended by his lictors, and a crowd of Volscian officers. Files of troops drawn up on either hand. In the depth of this scene appear the deputies from the Roman senate, M. Minucius, Posthumus Cominius, Sp. Lartius, P. Pinnarius, and Q. Sulpitius, all consular senators, who had been his most zealous friends. And behind them march the priests, the sacrificers, the augurs, and the guardians of the sacred things, drest in their ceremonial habits. These advance slowly betwixt the files of soldiers, under arms. As Tullus enters, Coriolanus rising, salutes him.

CORIOLANUS.

Here, noble Tullus, sit, and judge my conduct ;
Nor spare to check me, if I act amiss.

TULLUS.

TULLUS.

Marcus, the Volscian fate is in thy hands.

[Coriolanus is seated again, and Tullus places himself upon a tribunal on his left hand. Mean-time the Roman deputies advance up to Coriolanus and salute him, which he returns.]

CORIOLANUS.

What, *Romans*, from the generals of the *Volsci*
Is your demand?

MINUCIUS.

O *Coriolanus*, *Rome*,

Nurse of thy tender years, thy parent-city,
Her senators, her people, priests, and augurs,
Her every order and degree, by us,
Thy ever-zealous, still-unshaken friends,
Sue, in the most pathetic terms, for peace.
And if in this constrain'd, we from our maxim,
Never to ask but give it, must depart;
It is some consolation, in the state
To which thou hast, by thy superior valour,
Reduc'd us, that we ask it from a *Roman*.

CORIOLANUS.

I was a *Roman* once, and thought the name
Was not dishonour'd by me; but it pleas'd
Your lords, the mob of *Rome*, to take it from me;
Nor will I now receive it back again.

MINUCIUS.

The name thou mayst reject, but canst not throw
The duties from thee which that name imports;

Indissoluble duties, bound upon thee
 By the strong hand of nature, and confirm'd
 By the dread sanction of all-ruling *Jove*.
 Then hear thy country's supplicating voice ;
 By all those duties I conjure thee hear us.

CORIOLANUS.

Well—I will hear thee ; speak, declare thy message.

MINUCIUS.

Give peace, give healing peace, to two brave nations,
 Fatigu'd with war, and sick of cruel deeds !
 To carry on destruction's easy trade,
 Afflict mankind, and scourge the world with war,
 Is what each wicked, each ambitious man,
 Who lets his furious passions loose, may do :
 But in the flattering torrent of success,
 To check his rage, and drop th' avenging sword,
 When a repenting people ask it of him,
 That is the genuine bounty of a god.
 Then urge no farther this your just resentment ;
 Which, injur'd as you are, you needs must feel,
 But never ought to carry into action,
 Against your sacred country ; whence you drew
 Your life, your virtues, every mortal good,
 That very valour you employ against her.
 Stop, *Coriolanus*, ere, beyond retreat,
 You plunge yourself in crimes. To the fierce joy
 Of vengeance push'd to barbarous excess,
 Repentance will succeed, and sickening horror.
 Consider too the slippery state of fortune.

The

The gods take pleasure oft, when haughty mortals
 On their own pride erect a mighty fabric,
 By slightest means, to lay their towering schemes
 Low in the dust, and teach them they are nothing.
 Return, thou virtuous *Roman*! to the bosom
 Of thy imploring country. Lo! her arms
 She fondly spreads to take thee back again,
 And by redoubled love efface her harshness.
 Return, and crown thee with the noblest wreath
 Which glory can bestow—the palm of mercy!

CORIOLANUS.

Marcus Minucius, and ye other *Romans*,
 Respected senators, and holy flamens,
 Attend, and take to your demand this answer:
 Why court you me, the servant of the *Volsci*?
 It is to them that you must bend for peace,
 Which on these only terms they will accord you.
 “Restore the conquer’d lands, your former wars
 “Have ravish’d from them: from their towns and cities,
 “Won by your arms, withdraw your colonies;
 “And to the full immunities of *Rome*
 “Frankly admit them as you have the *Latins*.”
 Then, *Romans*, ye have peace, and not till then!
 If these are terms which suit not your ambition,
 They suit the state to which the *Volscian* arms
 Have now reduc’d you—We have learn’d from *Rome*
 To use our fortune, and command the vanquish’d.

TULLUS, *aside*.

Death to my hopes! I’m now his slave for ever.

CORIO:

CORIANANUS, *addressing himself to the Volsci.*
 This, my illustrious patrons and protectors,
Volsci, to you I ow'd. Permit me now
 To do myself and injur'd honour justice.

[*Turning again to the Romans.*

As to the liberty you idly vaunt
 To give me, of returning to your city,
 'Tis what I hold unworthy of acceptance.
 Can I return into th' ungrateful bosom
 Of a distracted state, where, to the rage
 Of a vile senseless populace, the laws
 Are by your shameful weakness given a prey ?
 Who are the men that hold the sway among you ?
 And whom have you expell'd, as even unworthy
 To live within the cincture of your walls !—
 O the wild thought breaks in and troubles reason !—
 With what, ye *Romans*, can the sowerest censor,
 The most envenom'd malice, justly charge me ?
 Did I e'er break your laws ? Nay, did I e'er
 Do aught that could disturb the sacred order,
 The peace and social harmony of life ;
 Or taint your ancient sanctity of manners ?
 What was my crime ? I could not bear to see
 Your dignity debas'd, to see the rabble
 Tread on the reverend gray authority
 Of senatorial wisdom : Yes, for you,
 In your defence, I did enrage this monster ;
 And yet you basely left me to its fury.
 Then talk no more of services and friendship :

A friend,

A friend, who can, and does not shield, betrays me.
Or if the power was wanting, then your senate
Is sunk into servility and bondage,
Nor should a freeman deign to sit among you.

MINUCIUS.

The wisest are sometimes compell'd to yield
To popular storms: yet I defend not, *Marcus*,
Our timid conduct; we have felt our error,
And now invite thee back to aid the senate,
With thy heroic spirit to restrain
The giddy rage of faction, and to hold
The reins of government more firm hereafter.

As to th' appeal which thou hast nobly made
In vindication of thy spotless fame,
With pleasure we confirm it, and bear witness
To all thy public and thy private virtues:
But let us also beg thee not to stain
The brightness of that glory by a crime,
Which, unrepented, would disgrace them all,
A dire rebellious war against thy country.

CORIOLANUS.

Aburd! what can you mean? To call a people,
Who with the last indignity have us'd me,
To call my foes my country! No, *Minucius*,
It is the generous nation of the *Volsce*,
These brave, these virtuous men, you see around me,
Who, when I wander'd a poor helpless exile,
Took pity of my injuries and woes;
Forgot the former mischiefs of my sword;

Heap'd

Heap'd on me kindness, honours, dignities :
 Fear'd not to trust me with this high command,
 And plac'd me here the guardian of their cause :——
 Be witness, *Jove!*—It is alone their nation
 I henceforth will acknowledge for my country!
 Let this suffice—You have my answer, *Romans*.

COMINIUS.

This answer, *Coriolanus*, is the dictate
 More of thy pride than magnanimity :
 'Tis thy revenge that gives it, not thy virtue.
 Art thou above the gods, who joy to show'r
 Their doubled goodness on repenting mortals ?
 But think not I intend, by this, to urge
 Our proffer'd peace, so harshly treated, further.
 That were a weakness ill becoming *Romans*.
 Yet I must tell thee, it would better suit
 A fierce despotic chief of barbarous slaves,
 Than the calm dignity of one who sits
 In the grave senate of a free republic,
 To talk so high, and, as it were, to thrust
 Plebeians from the native rights of man.—

CORIOLEANUS.

Ha ! dost thou come the people's advocate
 To me, *Cominius* ! com'st thou to insult me !

COMINIUS.

Nay, hear me, *Marcus* :—These gray hairs empower
 me

To set thee right before this great assembly :
 And there was once a time, thou wouldst have heard
 Thy

Thy general with more deference and patience—
 I tell thee then, whoe'er amidst the sons
 Of reason, valour, liberty, and virtue,
 Displays distinguish'd merit, is a noble
 Of nature's own creating. Such have risen,
 Sprung from the dust; or where had been our honours?
 And such in radiant bands will rise again,
 In yon immortal city, that, when most
 Depress'd by fate, and near apparent ruin,
 Returns, as with an energy divine,
 On her astonish'd foes, and shakes them from her—
 Your pardon *Volsci*—But this, *Coriolanus*,
 Is what I had to say.

CORIOLANUS.

And I have heard it—

*[Rising from his tribunal; and the
 priests advancing to address him,
 he prevents them.]*

For you, ye awful ministers of heaven,
 Let me not hear your holy lips profan'd
 By urging what my duty must refuse.
 I bow in adoration to the gods;
 I venerate their servants. But there is,
 There is a power, their chief, their darling care,
 The guardian of mankind, which to betray
 Were violating all—And that is justice.

So far my public character demands;
 So far my honour.—Now, what should forbid
 The man, and friend, to be indulg'd a little?

Permit

Permit me to embrace thee, good *Minucius*,
 Thee, *Lartius*; you, *Pinnarius* and *Sulpitius*:
 But chiefly thee, *Cominius*, who first rais'd me
 To deeds of arms: who from thy consular brow
 Took thy own crown, and with it circled mine.
 Tho' nought can shake my purpose, yet I wish
 That *Rome* had sent me others on this errand.
 I thank you for your friendship. The protection,
 Which you have given to those, whom once I call'd
 By tender names, I would not now remember.
 How shall I—say—return your generous goodness?
 O there is nothing you, as friends, can ask,
 My grateful heart will not with pleasure grant you.

COMINIUS.

We thank thee, *Coriolanus*—But a *Roman*
 Disdains that favour you refuse his country.

CORIOLANUS.

[*To the Volscian officers.*

See that they be, with due regard and safety,
 Conducted back.

[*To the Roman senators.*

I will suspend th' assault,
 Till to these terms, of which we will not bate
 The smallest part, your senate may have time
 To send their latest answer. Then we cut
 All further treaty off. *Romans*, farewell.

End of the Third Act.

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

TULLUS, *alone.*

WHAT is the mind of man? A restless scene
Of vanity and weakness; shifting still,
As shift the lights of our uncertain knowledge;
Or as the various gale of passion breathes.
None ever thought himself more deeply founded
On what is right, nor felt a nobler ardor,
Than I, when I invested *Caius Marcius*
With this ill-judg'd command. Now it appears
Distraction, folly, monstrous folly! meanness!
And down I plunge, betray'd even by my virtue,
From gulf to gulf, from shame to deeper shame.

SCENE II.

TULLUS, GALESUS.

GALESUS.

I listen'd, *Tullus*, to th' important scene
That lately pass'd before us, with most strict

VOL. IV.

Z

Unpre-

Unprejudic'd attention; and have since
 Revolv'd it in my mind, both as a man,
 Ally'd to all mankind, and as a *Volscian*.
 Indeed our terms are high, and by the manner
 In which they were prescrib'd by *Coriolanus*,
 Are what we cannot hope will e'er be granted.
 They should be soften'd. Let us yield a little,
 Conscious ourselves to a great nation's pride,
 The pride of human nature. Could the *Romans*
 Stoop to such peace, commanded by the sword,
 They then were slaves, unworthy our alliance.

TULLUS.

Gods! do I hear in thee, one of the chiefs
 Intrusted with the honour of the *Volsci*,
 An advocate for *Rome*?

GALESUS.

I glory, *Tullus*,
 To own myself an advocate for peace.
 Peace is the happy natural state of man;
 War his corruption, his disgrace—

TULLUS.

His safeguard!
 His pride! his glory!—What but war, just war,
 Gave *Greece* her heroes? Those who drew the sword
 (As we do now) against the sons of rapine;
 To quell proud tyrants, and to free mankind.

GALESUS.

Yes, *Tullus*, when to just defence the warrior
 Confines his force, he is a worship'd name,

Dear

Dear to mankind, the first and best of mortals !
 Yet still, if this can by soft means be done,
 And fair accommodation, that is better.
 Why should we purchase with the blood of thousands,
 What may be gain'd by mutual just concession ?
 Why give up peace, the best of human blessings,
 For the vain cruel pride of useless conquest ?

TULLUS.

These soothing dreams of philosophic quiet
 Are only fit for unfrequented shades.
 The sage should quit the busy bustling world
 Ill-suited to his gentle meditations,
 And in some desert find that peace he loves.

GALESUS.

Mistaken man ! Philosophy consists not
 In airy schemes, or idle speculations :
 The rule and conduct of all social life
 Is her great province. Not in lonely cells
 Obscure she lurks, but holds her heavenly light
 To senates and to kings, to guide their councils,
 And teach them to reform and bless mankind.
 All policy but her's is false, and rotten ;
 All valour, not conducted by her precepts,
 Is a destroying fury sent from hell
 To plague unhappy man, and ruin nations.

TULLUS.

To stop the waste of that destroying fury
 Is the great cause and purpose of this war.
 Art thou a friend to peace ?—subdue the *Romans*.

Z 2

Who,

Who, who, but they, have turn'd this ancient land,
 Where, from *Saturnian* times, harmonious concord
 Still lov'd to dwell, into a scene of blood,
 Of endless discord, and perpetual rapine?
 The sword, the vengeful sword, must drain away
 This boiling blood, that thus disturbs the nations!
 Talk not of terms: It is a vain attempt
 To bind th' ambitious and unjust by treaties:
 These they elude a thousand specious ways;
 Or if they cannot find a fair pretext,
 They blush not in the face of heaven to break them.

GALESUS.

Why then affronted Heaven will combat from us.
 Set justice on our side, and then my voice
 Shall be as loud for war as thine; my sword
 Shall strike as deep; at least my blood shall flow
 As freely, *Tullus*, in my country's cause.
 But as I then would die to serve the *Volscians*,
 So now I dare to serve them by opposing,
 Even with my single voice, th' impetuous torrent
 That hurries us away beyond the bounds
 Of temperate wisdom; and presume to tell thee,
 It is thy passion, not thy prudence, dictates
 This haughty language.

TULLUS.

Yes, it is my passion,
 A passion for the glory of my country,
 That scorns your narrow views of timid prudence:
 Our injur'd honour drew our swords, and never
 Shall

Shall they be sheath'd while I command the *Volscians*,
Till *Rome* submits to *Antium*.——

GALESUS.

Rome will perish

Ere she submit ; and she has still her walls,
The strength of her allies, her native valour,
Which oft has sav'd her in the worst extremes,
And, stronger yet than all, despair, to aid her.

TULLUS.

All these will nought avail her, if our fears
Come not to her assistance—But, *Galesus*,
Why urge you this to me ? Go, talk to *Marcus*.
The war has given him all his pride could hope for,
To see *Rome's* senate humbled at his feet :
He now may wish to reign in peace at *Antium* ;
And thou, perhaps, art come an envoy from him,
To learn if I shall prove a quiet subject.

GALESUS.

'Thro' this unguarded opening of thy soul,
I see what stings thee—Ah ! beware of envy !
If that pale fury seize thee, thou art lost !
Tullus, 'tis easier far, from the clear breast,
To keep out treacherous vice, than to expel it.
Farewell. Remember I have done my duty.

[Goes out.

TULLUS, alone.

This man discerns my heart—Well : What of that ?
Am I afraid its movements should be seen ?

I, whose clear thoughts have never shunn'd the light,

Z 3

Must

Must I now seek to hide them ? O misfortune !
 To have reduc'd myself to such a state,
 So much beneath the greatness of my soul,
 That, like a coward, I must learn to practise
 The wretched arts of vile dissimulation !
 By heaven I will not do it—I will not stoop
 To veil my discontent a moment longer.
 But see ! my rival comes, the happy *Marcius*.
 His haughty mien, his very looks, affront me.

S C E N E III.

CORIOLANUS, TULLUS.

CORIOLANUS.

Tullus, I have receiv'd intelligence,
 That a strong body of the *Latin* troops
 Is in full march to raise the siege of *Rome*.
 Another day will bring them to its aid.
 But go thou forth, and lead the valiant bands,
 By thee commanded, to repel these succours.
 Go, and cut off from *Rome* its last resource.

TULLUS.

I lead my troops, from the great scene of action,
 From falling *Rome*, which, ere to-morrow's sun
 Shall set, may be our prey ! sure you forget
 My rank and station—I disdain the service:
 Give it to some you may command. For me,

I own

I own no master but the *Volscian* states.
Rome is my object. I from *Antium* brought
The noblest army ever shook her walls.
And shall I now, on that decisive day,
Doom'd by the gods to lay her pride in ashes,
Shall I be absent from the glorious work ?
It is the highest outrage even to think it.—
Just gods ! dost thou presume to give thy orders
To me ? to me ! thy equal in command ?
Nay, thy superior ? was it not my hand,
My lavish hand, bestow'd thy power upon thee ?
And know, proud *Roman*, that the man who gave it,
Can, at his will, resume it.

CORIOLANUS.

I propos'd

This expedition to thee as thy friend,
Not as thy general, *Tullus*. We are both
Commanders here ; and, for my share of pow'r,
Whene'er the council of the *Volscian* states,
Who cloth'd me with it, shall again demand it,
I at their feet will lay it down, persuaded,
The canker'd tongue of envy's self must own,
That, by my service, I have well deserv'd it.

TULLUS.

Was it to them, or me, you hither came
To crave protection ? Was not then your fortune,
Your liberty, your life, at my disposal ?
I rais'd you from the dust, a wretched exile,
An outcast, helpless, friendless, driven to beg,

The

(The lowest refuge which despair can seek,)
 Shelter amidst thy foes. My pitying goodness
 Protected, trusted, and believ'd you grateful:
 O ill-plac'd confidence! —

CORIO LANUS.

Immortal gods!

Hear I these words from *Tullus*!

TULLUS:

What for all this

Is thy return? Pride; self-sufficiency;
 Councils apart from mine; despotic orders;
 The glory of the war all pilfer'd from me:
 And, to complete the whole, a *Latin* army
 Now conjur'd up to draw me from the siege;
 Till, by cajoling our tame chiefs, and dazzling
 The senseless eyes of the low mob of soldiers,
 Thou shalt be solely seated in the power,
 Which, thank my folly! now is shar'd betwixt us.

CORIO LANUS,

O indignation!—Down, thou swelling heart—
 I will be calm—I will.—Thou dost accuse me
 Of the worst vice that can debase mankind,
 Of black ingratitude. On what foundations?
 What have I done to merit such a charge?
 Is it my fault, if in the *Volscean* army
 My name is as rever'd and great as thine?
 Can I forbid authority, and fame,
 To follow merit and success?—You knew
 The man whom you employ'd, and should have known

He

He would not be a cypher in employment:

TULLUS.

Think'st thou my heart can better brook than thine
To be that cypher! that dishonour'd tool!
Subservient to th' ambition of another?
Gods! I had rather live a drudging peasant,
Unknown to glory, in some *Alpin* village;
Than at the head of these victorious legions,
Bear the high name of Chief, without the power:
No, *Marcus*, no. I will command indeed:
And thou shalt learn, with all the *Volscian* army,
To treat their general with respect.

CORIOLANUS.

Respect!

O *Tullus*! *Tullus*! by the powers divine!
I bore thee once respect, as high as man
Can shew to man. From thee, my foe, my rival,
I nor disdain'd nor fear'd to ask protection.
You gave me all I ask'd, you gave me more,
With noble warmth of heart! which to esteem,
Added the ties of gratitude, and friendship.
Whatever since, in council, or in arms,
Has been by me achiev'd, was done for thee.
My glory all was thine. The palms I gain'd
Only compos'd a garland for his brow,
Who rais'd this banish'd man to tread on *Rome*.

TULLUS.

To tread on him who rais'd him—That, I know,
Is thy ambitious purpose; but be certain,

However

However *Rome* may bend beneath thy fortune;
Thou shalt not find an easy conquest here.

CORIOLANUS.

May *Jove* with lightning strike me to the centre,
If from the day I saw thy face at *Antium*,
My heart has ever form'd one secret thought
To hurt thy honour, or depress thy greatness:
I was thy friend, thy foldier, and thy servant.
But now I will as openly avow,
Thy jealousy has, with envenom'd breath,
Made such a sudden ravage in our friendship,
I know not what to think.—

TULLUS.

Think me thy foe.
There is no lasting friendship with the proud.

CORIOLANUS.

Nor with the jealous——But of this enough.
Come, let us turn our fire a nobler way:
We have a worthier quarrel to pursue.—
It were unjust, dishonourable, base,
Our pride should hurt the *Volscian* cause.

TULLUS.

No, *Marcus*,

I mean to guard it better for the future:
The *Volscian* cause is safest with a *Volscian*.
I therefore claim, insist upon my right;
That you should yield me my command in turn.
The first attack was yours: 'Tis scanty justice,
The second should be mine.

CORIO-

CORIOLANUS.

Tullus, 'tis yours.

O it imports not which of us command !
Give me the lowest rank among your troops :
All *Italy* will know, the voice of fame
Will tell all future times, that I was present ;
That *Coriolanus* in the *Volscean* army
Assisted, when imperial *Rome* was sack'd ;
That city which, while he maintain'd her cause,
Invincible herself, made *Antium* tremble.

TULLUS.

What arrogant presumption !

SCENE IV.

To them VOLUSIUS, entering hastily.

TULLUS.

Ha ! Volusius,

Thy looks declare some message of importance.

VOLUSIUS.

Tullus, they do—I was to find thee, Marcins.
To thee a second deputation comes,
Thy mother, and thy wife, with a long train
Of all the noblest ladies *Rome* can boast,
In mourning habits clad, approach our camp,
Preceded by a herald, to demand
Another audience of thee.

CORI-

CORIOLANUS.

How, *Volusus*!

Said you, the *Roman* ladies! Low, indeed,
 Must be the state of *Rome*, when thus her matrons
 She sends amidst the tumults of a camp,
 To beg protection for the men, who lie
 Trembling behind their ramparts—come! once more!
 And see me put an end to prayers and treaty!

SCENE V.

TULLUS, VOLUSIUS.

VOLUSIUS.

Tullus, 'tis well. This answers to my wishes.

TULLUS.

How? What is well? That humbled *Rome* once more
 Shall deck him with the trophies of our arms?

VOLUSIUS.

And hop'st thou nothing from this blest event?
 They who have often blasted mighty heroes,
 Who oft have stohn into the firmest hearts,
 And melted them to folly; they, my friend,
 Will do what wisdom never could effect.

TULLUS.

Think'st thou the prayers and tears of wailing women
 Can shake the man, who with such cold disdain

Stood

Stood firm against those venerable consuls,
And spurn'd the genius of his kneeling country?

VOLUSIUS.

It was his pride alone that made him ours.
That passion kept him firm; the flattering charm
Of humbling those, who in their persons bore
The whole collected majesty of *Rome*.
These women are no proper-objects for it:
He cannot triumph o'er his wife and mother.
On this my hopes are founded, that these women,
May, by their gentler influence, subdue him.

TULLUS.

Whate'er th' event, he shall no longer here,
As wave his passions, dictate peace or war.
Whether his stubborn soul maintains its firmness,
Or yields to female prayers, the *Volscian* honour
Will be alike betray'd. If *Rome* prevails,
He stops our conquering arms from her destruction;
If he rejects her suit, he reigns our tyrant.
But, by th' immortal gods! his short-liv'd empire
Shall never see yon radiant sun descend.

VOLUSIUS.

Blest be those gods that have at last inspir'd thee
With resolution equal to thy cause,
The cause of liberty!—

TULLUS.

Be sure, *Volusius*,
If that should happen which thy hopes portend;
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Should he, by nature tam'd, disarm'd by love,
 Respite the *Roman* doom—He seals his own :
 By heaven ! he dies.

VOLUSIUS.

Let me embrace thee, *Tullus* !
 Now breaking from the cloud, which, like the sun,
 Thy own too bounteous beams had drawn around thee.

TULLUS.

You was deceiv'd, my friend. When I with tameness,
 With tameness which astonish'd thy brave spirit,
 Seem'd to submit to that unequal sway
 He arrogated o'er me ; know, my heart
 Ne'er swell'd so high as in that cruel moment.
 My indignation, like th' imprison'd fire
 Pent in the troubled breast of glowing *Ætna*,
 Burnt deep and silent : But, collected now,
 It shall beneath its fury bury *Marcus* !
 'Tis fixt. Our tyrant dies.

VOLUSIUS.

Tullus, my sword
 Here claims to be employ'd.—Nor mine alone—
 There are some worthy *Volsi* still remaining,
 Who think with us, and pine beneath the laurels
 A *Roman* chief bestows.

TULLUS.

Go, find them strait,
 And bring them to the space before his tent ;
 'Tis there he will receive this deputation.

Then

Then if he sinks beneath these womens prayers—
Or if he does not—But, *Volusius*, wait,
I give thee strictest charge to wait my signal.
Perhaps I may find means to free the *Volsci*
Without his blood. If not—we will be free.

End of the Fourth Act.

A 2 2

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Trumpets sounding.

The scene discovers the camp, a croud of Volscian officers with files of soldiers drawn up as before. Enter Coriolanus, Tullus, Gaesius, Volufius. The Roman ladies advance slowly from the depth of the stage, with Veturia the mother of Coriolanus, and Volumnia his wife, at their head, all clad in habits of mourning. Coriolanus stands at the head of the Volsci, surrounded by his lictors; but, when he perceives his mother and wife, after some struggle, he advances, and goes hastily to embrace them.

CORIANUS, advancing.

L Ower your fasces, lictors——
Oh Veturia!
Thou best of parents!

VETURIA.

Coriolanus, stop.

Whom am I to embrace? A son, or foe?

Say,

Say, in what light am I regarded here?
Thy mother, or thy captive?

CORIOLANUS.

Justly, madam,
You check my fondness, that, by nature hurry'd,
Forgot I was the general of the *Volsci*,
And you a deputy from hostile *Rome*.
[He goes back to his former station.]
I hear you with respect. Speak your commission.

VETURIA.

Think not I come a deputy from *Rome*.
Rome, once rejected, scorns a second suit.
You have already heard whate'er the tongue
Of eloquence can plead, whate'er the wisdom
Of sacred age, the dignity of senates,
And virtue, can enforce. Behold me here,
Sent by the shades of your immortal fathers,
Sent by the genius of the *Marcian* line,
Commission'd by my own maternal heart,
To try the soft, yet stronger powers of nature.
Thus authoriz'd, I ask, nay, claim a peace,
On equal, fair, and honourable terms,
To thee, to *Rome*, and to the *Volscian* people.
Grant it, my son! Thy mother begs it of thee,
Thy wife, the best, the kindest of her sex,
And these illustrious matrons, who have sooth'd
The gloomy hours thou hast been absent from us.
We, by whate'er is great and good in nature,
By every duty, by the gods, conjure thee!

A a 3

To

To grant us peace, and turn on other foes
Thy arms, where thou may'st purchase virtuous glory.

CORIOLANUS.

I should, *Veturia*, break those holy bonds
That hold the wide republic of mankind,
Society, together; I should grow,
A wretch, unworthy to be call'd thy son;
I should, with my *Volumnia's* fair esteem,
Forfeit her love; these matrons would despise me—
Could I betray the *Volscean* cause, thus trusted,
Thus recommended to me—No, my mother,
You cannot sure, you cannot ask it of me!

VETURIA.

And does my son so little know me? me!
Who took such care to form his tender years,
Left to my conduct by his dying father?
Have I so ill deserv'd that trust? alas!
Am I so low in thy esteem, that thou
Should'st e'er imagine I could urge a part
Which in the least might stain the *Marcian* honour?
No, let me perish rather! perish all!
Life has no charms compar'd with spotless glory!
I only ask, thou wouldst forbid thy troops
To waste our lands, and to assault yon city,
Till time be given for mild and righteous measures.
Grant us but one year's truce: mean while, thou may'st,
With honour and advantage to both nations,
Between us mediate a perpetual peace.

CORIO-

CORIOLANUS.

Alas ! my mother ! that were granting all.

VETURIA.

Canst thou refuse me such a just petition,
The first request thy mother ever made thee ?
Canst thou to her entreaties, prayers, and tears,
Prefer a savage obstinate revenge ;
Have love and nature lost all power within thee ?

CORIOLANUS.

No,—in my heart they reign as strong as ever.
Come, I conjure you, quit ungrateful *Rome*,
Come, and complete my happiness at *Antium*,
You, and my dear *Volumnia*—There, *Veturia*,
There shall you see with what respect the *Volsci*
Will treat the wife and mother of their general.

VETURIA.

Treat me thyself with more respect, my son ;
Nor dare to shock my ears with such proposals.
Shall I desert my country, I who come
To plead her cause ? Ah no ! A grave in *Rome*
Would better please me than a throne at *Antium*.
How hast thou thus forsaken all my precepts ?
How hast thou thus forgot thy love to *Rome* ?
O *Coriolanus*, when with hostile arms,
With fire and sword, you enter'd on our borders,
Did not the fostering air, that breathes around us,
Allay thy guilty fury, and instil
A certain native sweetness thro' thy soul ?
Did not your heart thus murmur to itself ?

“ These

" These walls contain whatever can command
 " Respect from virtue, or is dear to nature,
 " The monuments of piety and valour,
 " The sculptur'd forms, the trophies of my fathers,
 " My household-gods, my mother, wife, and children!"

CORIO LANUS.

Ah! you seduce me with too tender views!—
 These walls contain the most corrupt of men,
 A base seditious herd; who trample order,
 Distinction, justice, laws, beneath their feet,
 Insolent foes to worth, the foes of virtue!

VETURIA.

Thou hast not thence a right to lift thy hand
 Against the whole community, which forms
 Thy ever-sacred country—That consists
 Not of coeval citizens alone:
 It knows no bounds: it has a retrospect
 To ages past; it looks on those to come;
 And grasps of all the general worth and virtue.
 Suppose, my son, that I to thee had been
 A harsh obdurate parent, even unjust:
 How would the monstrous thought with horror strike
 thee,

Of plunging, from revenge, thy raging steel
 Into her breast, who nurs'd thy infant years!—

CORIO LANUS.

Rome is no more! that Rome which nurs'd my youth;
 That Rome, conducted by *Patrician* virtue,
 She is no more! My sword shall now chastise
 These sons of pride and dirt! Her upstart tyrants!

Who

Who have debas'd the noblest state on earth
 Into a sordid democratic faction.
 Why will my mother join her cause to theirs?

VETURIA.

Forbid it, *Jove*! that I should e'er distinguish
 My interest from the general cause of *Rome*;
 Or live to see a foreign hostile arm
 Reform th' abuses of our land of freedom.

[*Pausing.*

But 'tis in vain, I find, to reason more.
 Is there no way to reach thy filial heart,
 Once fam'd as much for piety as courage?
 Oft hast thou justly triumph'd, *Coriolanus*;
 Now yield one triumph to thy widow'd mother;
 And send me back amidst the loud acclaims,
 The grateful transports of deliver'd *Rome*;
 The happiest far, the most renown'd of women!

CORIOLANUS.

Why, why, *Veturia*, wilt thou plead in vain?

TULLUS, *aside to Volusius*.

See, see, *Volusius*, how the strong emotions
 Of powerful nature shake his inmost soul!
 See how they tear him.—If he long resists them;
 He is a god, or something worse than man.

VETURIA.

O *Marcus*, *Marcus*! canst thou treat me thus?
 Canst thou complain of *Rome*'s ingratitude,
 Yet be to me so cruelly ingrateful?
 To me! who anxious rear'd thy youth to glory?

Whose

Whose only joy, these many years, has been,
 To boast that *Coriolanus* was my son?
 And dost thou then renounce me for thy mother?
 Spurn me before these chiefs, before those soldiers,
 That weep thy stubborn cruelty? Art thou
 The hardest man to me in this assembly?
 Look at me! Speak!

[*Pausing, during which he appears in great agitation.*

Still dost thou turn away!

Inexorable! silent!—Then, behold me,
 Behold thy mother, at whose feet thou oft
 Hast kneel'd with fondness, kneeling now at thine,
 Wetting thy stern tribunal with her tears.

CORIOLANUS.

[*Raises her.*

Veturia, rise. I cannot see thee thus.
 It is a sight uncomely, to behold
 My mother at my feet, and that to urge
 A suit, relentless honour must refuse.

VOLUMNIA.

[*Advancing.*

Since, *Coriolanus*, thou dost still retain,
 In spite of all thy mother now has pleaded,
 Thy dreadful purpose, ah! how much in vain
 Were it for me to join my supplications!
 The voice of thy *Volumnia*, once so pleasing;
 How shall it hope to touch the husband's heart,
 When proof against the tears of such a parent?
 I dare not urge what to thy mother thou
 So firmly hast deny'd—But I must weep—

Must

Must weep, if not thy harsh severity,
At least thy situation. O permit me

[*Taking his hand.*

To shed my gushing tears upon thy hand !
To press it with the cordial lips of love !
And take my last farewell !

CORIOLANUS.

Yet, yet, my soul,

Be firm, and persevere——

VOLUMNIA.

Ah Coriolanus !

Is then this hand, this hand to me devoted,
The pledge of nuptial love, that has so long
Protected, bless'd, and shelter'd us with kindness,
Now lifted up against us ? Yet I love it,
And, with submissive veneration, bow
Beneath th' affliction which it heaps upon us.
But O ! what nobler transports would it give thee ?
What joy beyond expression ! couldst thou once
Surmount the furious storm of fierce revenge,
And yield thee to the charms of love and mercy.
Oh make the glorious trial !

CORIOLANUS.

Mother ! wife !

Are all the powers of nature leagu'd against me ?
I cannot ! will not !—Leave me, my *Volumnia* !

VOLUMNIA.

Well, I obey—How bitter thus to part !
Upon such terms to part ! perhaps for ever !——

But

But tell me, ere I hence unroot my feet,
 When to my lonely home I shall return,
 What from their father, to our little slaves,
 Unconscious of the shame to which you doom them,
 What shall I say?

[*Pausing: He highly agitated.*
 Nay, tell me, *Coriolanus*!

CORIOLANUS.

Tell thee! What shall I tell thee? See these tears!
 These tears will tell thee what exceeds the power
 Of words to speak, whate'er the son, the husband,
 And father, in one complicated pang,
 Can feel—But leave me;—even in pity leave!
 Cease, cease, to torture me, my dear *Volumnia*!
 You only tear my heart; but cannot shake it;
 For, by th' immortal gods, the dread avengers
 Of broken faith!—

VOLUMNIA. [Kneeling.
 Oh swear not, *Coriolanus*!

O vow not our destruction!

VETURIA.

Daughter, rise.

Let us no more before the *Volscian* people
 Expose ourselves a spectacle of shame.
 It is in vain we try to melt a breast,
 That to the best affections nature gives us,
 Prefers the worst—Hear me, proud man! I have
 A heart as stout as thine. I came not hither,
 To be sent back rejected, baffled, sham'd,

Hateful

Hateful to *Rome*, because I am thy mother :
 A *Roman* matron knows, in such extremes,
 What part to take—And thus I came provided.

[*Drawing from under her robe a dagger.*

Go ! barbarous son ! go ! double parricide !
 Rush o'er my corse to thy belov'd revenge !
 Tread on the bleeding breast of her, to whom
 Thou ow'st thy life !—Lo, thy first victim !

CORIOLANUS.

Ha ! [*Seizing her hand.*

What dost thou mean ?

VETURIA.

To die, while *Rome* is free,
 To seize the moment ere thou art her tyrant.

CORIOLANUS.

O use thy power more justly ! Set not thus
 My treacherous heart in arms against my reason.
 Here ! here ! thy dagger will be well employ'd ;
 Strike here ! and reconcile my fighting duties.

VETURIA.

Off !—Set me free !—Think'st thou that grasp, which
 binds

My feeble hand, can fetter too my will ?
 No, my proud son ! Thou canst not make me live,
 If *Rome* must fall !—No power on earth can do it !

CORIOLANUS.

Pity me, generous *Volses* !—You are men—
 Must it then be ?—Confusion !—Do I yield ?
 What is it ? Is it weakness ? Is it virtue ?—
 Well !—

VETURIA.

What? Speak!

CORIOLANUS.

O, no!—my stifled words refuse
A passage to the throes that wring my heart.

VETURIA.

Nay, if thou yieldest, yield like *Coriolanus*;
And what thou dost, do nobly!

CORIOLANUS. [*Quitting her hand.*

There!—'Tis done!—

Thine is the triumph, nature! [*To VETURIA in a
low tone of voice.*

Ah *Veturia*!

Rome by thy aid is sav'd—but thy son lost.

VETURIA.

He never can be lost, who saves his country.

CORIOLANUS. [*Turning to the Roman ladies.*

Ye matrons, guardians of the *Roman* safety,
You to the senate may report this answer:
We grant the truce you ask; but on these terms,
That *Rome*, mean-time shall to a peace agree,
Fair, equal, just, and such as may secure
The safety, rights, and honour of the *Volsci*.

[*To the troops,*

Volsci, we raise the siege. Go, and prepare,
By the first dawn, for your return to *Antium*.

[*As the troops retire, and Coriolanus turns
to the Roman ladies;*

TULLUS. [*To Volusius aside.*

'Tis as we wish'd, *Volusius*—To your station.

But

But mark me well—Till thou shalt hear my call,
I charge thee not to stir. One offer more
My honour bids me make to this proud man,
Before we strike the blow—If he rejects it,
His blood be on his head.

VOLUSIUS.

Well ! I obey you.

[*He goes out.*]

CORIO LANUS.

Be it thy care, *Galesus*, that a safeguard
Attend these noble matrons back to *Rome*.

SCENE II.

CORIO LANUS, TULLUS.

CORIO LANUS.

I plainly, *Tullus*, by your looks, discern
You disapprove my conduct.

TULLUS.

Caius Marcius,

I mean not to assail thee with the clamour
Of loud reproaches, and the war of words ;
But, pride apart, and all that can pervert
The light of steady reason, here to make
A candid fair proposal.

B b 2

CORIO

CORIOLANUS.

Speak, I hear thee.

TULLUS.

I need not tell thee, that I have perform'd
 My utmost promise. Thou hast been protect'd;
 Hast had thy amplest, most ambitious wish:
 Thy wounded pride is heal'd, thy dear revenge
 Completely fated; and, to crown thy fortune,
 At the same time, thy peace with *Rome* restor'd.
 Thou art no more a *Volscian*, but a *Roman*.
 Return, return; thy duty calls upon thee.
 Still to protect the city thou hast sav'd:
 It still may be in danger from our arms.

CORIOLANUS.

Insolent man! Is this thy fair proposal?

TULLUS.

Be patient—Hear me speak—I have already
 From *Rome* protect'd thee; now from the *Volscs*,
 From their just vengeance, I will still protect thee.
 Retire. I will take care thou may'st with safety.

CORIOLANUS.

With safety!--Heav'ns!--And think'st thou, *Coriolanus*
 Will stoop to thee for safety? No! my safeguard
 Is in myself, a bosom void of blame,
 And the great gods, protectors of the just.—
 O 'tis an act of cowardice and baseness,
 To seize the very time my hands were fetter'd,
 By the strong chain of former obligations,
 The safe sure moment to insult me.—Gods!

Were

Were I now free, as on that day I was,
When at *Corioli* I tam'd thy pride,
This had not been.

TULLUS.

Thou speak'st the truth: It had not
O for that time again! Propitious gods,
If you will bless me, grant it!—Know, for that,
For that dear purpose, I have now propos'd
Thou should'st return. I pray thee, *Marcus*, do it!
And we shall meet again on nobler terms.

CORIOLANUS.

When to the *Volsci* I have clear'd my faith,
Doubt not I shall find means to meet thee nobly.
We then our generous quarrel may decide
In the bright front of some embattled field,
And not in private brawls, like fierce barbarians.

TULLUS.

Thou canst not hope acquittal from the *Volsci*.

CORIOLANUS.

I do:—Nay more, expect their approbation,
Their thanks! I will obtain them such a peace
As thou durst never ask; a perfect union
Of their whole nation with imperial *Rome*
In all her privileges, all her rights.
By the just gods, I will! What would'st thou more?

TULLUS.

What would I more! Proud *Roman*; This I would;
Fire the curst forest where these *Roman* wolves
Haunt and infest their nobler neighbours round them;

Extirpate from the bosom of this land
 A false perfidious people, who, beneath
 The mask of freedom, are a combination
 Against the liberty of human-kind,
 The genuine seed of outlaws and of robbers.

CORIANUS.

The seed of gods!—'Tis not for thee, vain boaster!
 'Tis not for such as thou, so often spar'd
 By her victorious sword, to talk of *Rome*,
 But with respect and awful veneration.
 Whate'er her blots, whate'er her giddy factions,
 There is more virtue in one single year
 Of *Roman* story, than your *Volscian* annals
 Can boast thro' all your creeping dark duration!

TULLUS.

I thank thy rage. This full displays the traitor.

CORIANUS.

Ha! traitor!

TULLUS.

First, to thy own country, traitor!
 And traitor, now, to mine!

CORIANUS.

Ye heavenly power!
 I shall break loose—My rage—But let us part—
 Lest my rash hand should do a hasty deed
 My cooler thought forbids.

TULLUS.

Begone—Return—
 To head the *Roman* troops. I grant thee quittance,
 Full

Full and complete, of all those obligations
Thou has so oft insultingly complain'd
Fetter'd thy hands. They now are free. I court
The worst thy sword can do; whilst thou from me
Hast nothing to expect, but sure destruction.
Quit then this hostile camp. Once more I tell thee,
Thou art not here one single hour in safety.

CORIO LANUS.

Think'st thou to fright me hence!

TULLUS.

Thou wilt not then?

Thou wilt not take the safety which I offer?

CORIO LANUS.

Till I have clear'd my honour in your council,
And prov'd before them all, to thy confusion,
The falsehood of thy charge; as soon in battle
I would before thee fly, and howl for mercy
As quit the station they have here assign'd me.

TULLUS.

Volufius! Hoa!

SCENE III.

*To them Volufius, and conspirators, with their swords
drawn.*

TULLUS.

Seize and secure the traitor!

CORIO-

CORIOLANUS.

[Laying his hand upon his sword.]

Who dares approach me, dies !

VOLUSIUS.

Die thou !

*[As Coriolanus draws his sword, Volu-
sius and the conspirators rush upon
and stab him; Tullus standing by,
without having drawn his sword.]*

CORIOLANUS.

[Endeavouring to free himself.]

Off !— Villains !

[Falling.]

O murdering slaves ! Assassinating cowards !

[Dies.]

SCENE IV.

*[Upon the noise of the tumult, enter hastily to them
Galesus, the other deputies of the Volscian states,
officers friends of Coriolanus, and Titus with a
large band of soldiers.]*

GALESUS.

[As he enters.]

Are we a nation rul'd by laws, or fury ?

How ! whence this tumult ?—

[Pausing.]

Gods ! what do I see ?

The noble Marcius slain !

TUL-

TULLUS.

You see a traitor
Punish'd as he deserv'd, the *Roman* yoke
That thrall'd us broken, and the *Volsci* free!

GALESUS.

Hear me, great *Jove*! Hear, all you injur'd powers
Of friendship, hospitality, and faith!
By that heroic blood, which from the ground
Reeking to you for vengeance cries, I swear!
This impious breach of your eternal laws,
This daring outrage on the *Volscian* honour,
Shall find in me a rigorous avenger!
On the same earth, polluted by their crime,
I will not live with these unpunish'd ruffians!

TULLUS.

This deed is mine: I claim it all! — These men,
These valiant men, were but my instruments,
To punish him who to our face betray'd us.
We shall not fear to answer to the *Volsci*,
In a full council of the states at *Antium*,
The glorious charge of having stabb'd their traitor!

GALESUS.

Titus, till then secure them.

[*Tullus and conspirators are led off.*

[*Galesus, standing over the body of Coriolanus,
after a short pause, proceeds.*

Volscian fathers,
And ye, brave soldiers, see an awful scene,
Demanding

Demanding serious, solemn meditation.
 This man was once the glory of his age,
 Disinterested, just, with every virtue
 Of civil life adorn'd, in arms unequall'd.
 His only blot was this ; that, much provok'd,
 He rais'd his vengeful arm against his country.
 And, lo ! the righteous gods have now chastis'd him,
 Even by the hands of those for whom he fought.

Whatever private views and passions plead,
 No cause can justify so black a deed ;
 These, when the angry tempest clouds the soul,
 May darken reason, and her course controul ;
 But when the prospect clears, her startled eye
 Must from the treacherous gulf with horror fly,
 On whose wild wave, by stormy passions tost,
 So many hapless wretches have been lost.
 Then be this truth the star by which we steer,
Above ourselves our COUNTRY should be dear.

End of the Fifth Act.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY

MRS WOFFINGTON.

WELL! Gentlemen! and you are still so vain
To treat our sex with arrogant disdain;
And think, to you alone by partial heaven,
Superior sense and sovereign power are given;
When in the story told to-night, you find,
With what a boundless sway we rule the mind,
And, by a few soft words of ours, with ease,
Can turn the proudest hearts just where we please?
If an old mother had such powerful charms,
To stop a stubborn Roman's conquering arms,—
Soldiers and statesmen of these days, with you
What think you would a fair young mistress do?
If with my grave discourse, and wrinkled face,
I thus could bring a hero to disgrace,
How absolutely may I hope to reign,
Now I am turn'd to my own shape again!
However, I will use my empire well;
And, if I have a certain magic spell

Or

*Or in my tongue, or wit, or shape, or eyes,
 Which can subdue the strong, and fool the wise,
 Be not alarm'd: I will not interfere
 In state-affairs, nor undertake to steer
 The helm of government,—as we are told
 The female politicians did of old:
 Such dangerous heights I never wish to climb—
 Thank heaven, I better can employ my time—
 Ask you to what my power I shall apply?
 To make my subjects blest, is my reply.
 My purposes are gracious all, and kind.
 Some may be told—and some may be divin'd:
 One, which at present I have most at heart,
 To you, without reserve, I will impart:
 It is my sovereign will,—Hear, and obey,—
 That you, with candour treat this Orphan Play.*

The End of the FOURTH VOLUME.

